









THE GREAT CRUSADE

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THE GREAT CRUSADE

Extracts from Speeches Delivered During the War

BY THE RT. HON.
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PREFACE

THESE speeches are not republished on my own initiative, but in response to many requests. If, however, my speeches in book form can help to bring home to their readers the gravity of the crisis in which the democracies of the world are placed, I am glad that they should be republished even though I have not had time to re-read or revise them in any way. I have never believed that the war would be a short war, or that in some mysterious way, by negotiation or compromise, we could free Europe from the malignant military autocracy which is endeavouring to trample it into submission and moral death. I have always believed that the machine which has established its despotic control over the minds and bodies of its own victims, and then organised and driven them to slaughter in order to extend that control over the rest of the world, would only be destroyed if the free peoples proved themselves strong and steadfast enough to defeat its attempt in arms. The events of the last few weeks must have made it plain to every thinking man that there is no longer room for compromise between the ideals for which we and our enemies stand. Democracy and autocracy have come to death

grips. One or the other will fasten its hold on mankind. It is a clear realisation of this issue which will be our strength in the trials still to come.

I have no doubt that freedom will triumph. But whether it will triumph soon or late, after a final supreme effort in the next few months or a long drawn agony, depends on the vigour and self-sacrifice with which the children of liberty, and especially those behind the lines, dedicate themselves to the struggle. There is no time for ease or delay or debate. The call is imperative. The choice is clear. It is for each citizen to do his part.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

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**EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES
WHILE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS**

THE GREAT CRUSADE

MUNITIONS: PROGRESS OF BRITISH PRODUCTION.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS, DECEMBER 20TH, 1915.

Importance of Mechanical Superiority in War.

THERE has never been a war in which machinery played anything like the part which it is playing in this war. The place acquired by machinery in the arts of peace in the nineteenth century has been won by machinery in the grim art of war in the twentieth century. In no war ever fought in this world has the preponderance of machinery been so completely established. The German successes, such as they are, are entirely, or almost entirely, due to the mechanical preponderance which they achieved at the beginning of the war. Their advances in the East, West, and South are due to this mechanical superiority; and our failure to drive them back in the West and to check their advance in the East is also attributable to the tardiness with which the Allies developed their mechanical resources. The problem of victory is one of seeing that this superiority of the

Central Powers shall be temporary, and shall be brought to an end at the earliest possible moment. There is one production in which the Allies had a complete mechanical superiority, and there they are supreme—that is in the Navy. Our command of the sea is attributable not merely to the excellence of our sailors, but to the overwhelming superiority of our machinery.

There is another aspect of this question which has become more and more evident as this war has developed and progressed. The machine spares the man. The machine is essential to defend positions of peril, and it saves life, because the more machinery you have for defence, the more thinly you can hold the line; therefore, the fewer men are placed in positions of jeopardy to life and limb. We have discovered that some of the German advanced lines were held by exceptionally few men. It is a pretty well-known fact that one very strong position, held by the Germans for days and even for weeks, was defended against a very considerable French army by ninety men, armed with about forty to fifty machine-guns, the French losing heavily in making the attack. Machinery in that case spared the men who were defending. It is one portion of the function which has been entrusted to the Ministry of Munitions to increase the supply of machines in order to save the lives of our gallant men. On the other hand, it means fewer losses in attacking positions of peril, because it demolishes machine-

gun emplacements, tears up barbed wire, destroys trenches. What we stint in materials we squander in life; that is the one great lesson of munitions.

Necessity for an Overwhelming Mass of Material.

I should like to dwell a little upon two considerations, because they are of overwhelming importance. I have heard rumours that we are overdoing it, over-ordering, over-building, over-producing. Nothing could be more malevolent or more mischievous. You can talk about over-ordering when we have as much as the Germans have, and even then I should like to argue how far we have to go. So mischievous is that kind of talk that I cannot help thinking that it must have originated from men of pro-German sympathies, who know how important it is that our troops should, at the critical moment, be short of that overwhelming mass of material which alone can break down the resistance of a highly entrenched foe. In spite of our great efforts, we have not yet approached the German and French production. We have got to reach that first and not last. France is of opinion that even her colossal efforts are inadequate. I have consulted generals and officers of experience in the British and French armies. The conferences which I have had with the Minister of Munitions in France have given me full opportunity of obtaining the views of the most highly placed and distinguished officers in the French Army. Before I quote their

opinions let me point out that all these generals up to the present have invariably underestimated the quantity of materials necessary to secure victory. I am not surprised. It is so prodigious. A great French general—one of the greatest—who has studied tactics with the highest authorities says that that is the great surprise of the war. Every battle that has been fought has demonstrated one thing: that even now it is an underestimate and not an overestimate. Take the last great battle—that of Loos. You had a prodigious accumulation of ammunition. There is not a general who was in the battle who in giving his report does not tell you that with three times the quantity of ammunition, especially in the heavier natures, they would have achieved twenty times the result.

False Economy.

It is too early to talk about over-production. The most fatuous way of economising is to produce an inadequate supply. A good margin is but a sensible insurance. Less than enough is a foolish piece of extravagance. £200,000,000 will produce an enormous quantity of ammunition. It is forty days' cost of the war. If you have it at the crucial moment your war might be won in the forty days. If you have not, it might run to 400 days. What sort of economy is that? But it does not merely mean that. It means this—and this is a fact which I mean to repeat in every speech that I make on the question: What you spare in money

you spill in blood. I have a very remarkable photograph of the battlefield of Loos, taken immediately after the battle. There is barbed wire which had not been destroyed. There is one machine-gun emplacement intact—only one! The others had been destroyed. There, in front of the barbed wire, lie hundreds of gallant men. There was one machine gun—one!

These are the accidents you can obviate. How? Every soldier tells me there is but one way of doing it. You must have enough ammunition to crash in every trench wherein the enemy lurks, to destroy every concrete emplacement, to shatter every machine-gun, to rend and tear every yard of barbed wire, so that if the enemy want to resist they will have to do it in the open, face to face with better men than themselves. That is the secret—plenty of ammunition. I hope that this idea that we are turning out too much will not enter into the mind of workman, capitalist, taxpayer, or anybody until we have enough to crash our way through to victory. You must spend wisely; you must spend to the best purpose; you must not pay extravagant prices; but, for Heaven's sake, if there are risks to be taken, let them be risks for the pocket of the taxpayer, and not for the lives of the soldiers!

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Too Late?

There is only one appeal to employer and employed; it is the appeal to patriotism! The em-

ployer must take steps. He is loth to do it. It is a sort of inertia which comes to tired and overstrained men—as they all are. They must really face the local trade unions, and put forward the demand, because until they do so the State cannot come in. We have had an Act of Parliament, but the law must be put into operation by somebody. Unless the employer begins by putting on the lathes unskilled men and women we cannot enforce that Act of Parliament. The first step, therefore, is that the employer must challenge a decision upon the matter. He is not doing so because of the trouble which a few other firms have had. But victory depends upon it! Hundreds of thousands of precious lives depend upon it! It is a question of whether you are going to bring this war victoriously to an end in a year or whether it is going to linger on in bloodstained paths for years. Labour has the answer. The contract was entered into with labour. We are carrying it out. It can be done. I wonder whether it will not be too late! Ah! fatal words of this war! Too late in moving here! Too late in arriving there! Too late in coming to this decision! Too late in starting with enterprises! Too late in preparing! In this war the footsteps of the Allied forces have been dogged by the mocking spectre of “Too Late”; and unless we quicken our movements damnation will fall on the sacred cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed. I beg employers and workmen not to have “Too Late” inscribed upon the portals of their workshops!

We can still Win.

Everything in the next few months of this war depends upon it. What has happened? We have had the co-operation of our Allies. Great results have been arrived at. At the last conference of the Allies decisions were arrived at which will affect the whole conduct of the war. The carrying of them out depends upon the workmen of this country. The superficial facts of the war are for the moment against us. All the fundamental facts are in our favour. That means we have every reason for looking the facts steadily in the face. There is nothing but encouragement in them if we look beneath the surface. The chances of victory are still with us. We have thrown away many chances, but for the most part the best still remains. In this war the elements that make for success in a short war were with our enemies. All the advantages that make for victory in a long war were ours, and are still! Better preparation before the war, interior lines, unity of command—those belonged to the enemy. He had a better conception at first of what war really meant. More than that, he has undoubtedly shown greater readiness than we to learn the lessons of the war and to adapt himself to them. Heavy guns, machine-guns, trench warfare—that was his study. Our study was the sea. We have accomplished our task there to the last letter of the promise.

The advantages of a protracted war are ours. We have an overwhelming superiority in the

raw material of war. It is still with us in spite of the fact that the Central Powers have by their successes increased their reserve of men and material. We have the command of the sea that gives us ready access to neutral countries. Above all—and this tells in a long war—we have the better cause. It is better for the heart. Nations do not endure to the end for a bad cause.

All these advantages are ours. But this is the moment of intense preparation. It is the moment of putting the whole of our energies at home into preparing for the blow to be struck abroad. Our Fleet and the gallantry of the troops of the Allies have given us time to muster our reserves. Let us utilise that time without the loss of a moment. Let us cast aside the fond illusion that you can win victory by elaborate pretence that you are doing so. Let us fling to one side rivalries and jealousies, trade, professional, and political. Let us be one people—one in aim, one in action, one in resolution to win the most sacred cause ever entrusted to a great nation.

A WORD TO THE MUNITION WORKERS.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT PONDER'S END SHELL FACTORY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1916, ON OPENING THE Y. M. C. A. DINING ROOMS FOR THE WORKERS.

THIS war is going to make a difference in the life of this country and of the world, a difference for better or for worse which you cannot calculate. This is one of those moments in the history of the world when it takes a plunge downwards or a flight upwards. Which it takes depends not upon our soldiers alone, it depends upon our workmen also. I can see now the difference which it is making in Britain. In the old days the hustler was regarded as an alien enemy who had come to this country to steal the bread of the easygoing Briton; but we have discovered that the hustler is a British-born subject, living among us. John Bull was getting soft, flabby, fat and indolent. He was just slouching along. Then the war came, and now his tissues are as firm as ever; he is alert, vigorous, and strong; he is hitting hard, and is going to work his way through to victory. John Bull is young again; the war has rejuvenated him. I see before me 2,000 men who mean business. There are a million more outside, and more than a million in France and elsewhere oversea waiting for muni-

tions. I know you will not disappoint them. They are gallant and brave fellows. Theirs the discomfort, theirs the danger, theirs, too often, the sacrifice. Put forth the whole of your strength, as you are doing to-day, and their sacrifice will not be in vain.

WINNING THIS WAR.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT CONWAY, TO A MEETING OF
CONSTITUENTS, MAY 6TH, 1916.

I AM very delighted to find surrounding me to-day old political friends who have been fighting many doughty battles by my side for nearly a generation. I am also delighted to find here men who have been fighting political battles against me. The task we have in hand is not the task of one party or of two parties, but a task for the nation as a whole, and we wish to preserve absolute national unity until we secure national strength. It is not always easy. I am not enough of a huntsman to know what happens if two packs happen to get mixed up together. But, after all, we are rational human beings, and we know that the one condition of victory is unity.

The Supply of Munitions.

About a year ago to-day I addressed a meeting at Bangor. My object then was to endeavour to impress the nation with a sense not merely of the magnitude of the issues at stake, but of the magnitude of the enterprise and of the gravity of the task. I then urged that we should mobilise all the

national resources, whether of men or materials, in order to carry us through triumphantly.

I should have liked to tell you what has happened since in the way of organising and engineering the resources of this country to provide our gallant troops at the front with abundance of munitions to enable them to face the foe. I hope to be able to do so shortly in the House of Commons. In another month I shall have accomplished a year's work at the Ministry of Munitions, and it will be my duty to render an account of my stewardship. For the present all I can tell you is this, that we have increased enormously not merely the output, but—what is more important in a long war—the capacity to turn out munitions of war.

The Supply of Men: "A Great Crusade."

At that time we had more men than equipment. I therefore dwelt rather on munitions. At that date men were coming in in such numbers that we had no equipment for them, and our difficulties were not in raising armies, but in fitting them for their work. Later in the year there was a falling off. The flood-tide seemed to have abated; but meanwhile the achievement of the nation in raising by voluntary methods those huge armies was something of which we might very well be proud. It was almost unparalleled in the history of war, and nothing which has happened since in the way of compulsory measures can ever detract from

the pride we possess in the fact that we are the first nation in the history of the world that has raised over three millions of men for any great military enterprise purely by voluntary means. Young men from every quarter of this country flocked to the standard of international right as to a great crusade. It was a glorious achievement, and well may Britain be proud of it.

The Advent of Compulsion.

But, as I pointed out, the numbers fell off somewhat towards the end of last summer, and it became abundantly clear about August and September that if we were to carry through this war and get an adequate supply of men for the purpose we should have to resort to other methods. There is no indignity in compulsion. Compulsion simply means that a nation is organising itself in an orderly, consistent, resolute fashion for war. Taxes are compulsory, although I should say there is no one here who has discovered that because he has paid them willingly compulsion and voluntaryism are not inconsistent in a democratic nation. Compulsion simply means the will of the majority of the people—the voluntary decision of the majority. Unless you had had a majority, an overwhelming majority, compulsion would have been impossible. So compulsion is simply organised voluntary effort. You must organise effort when a nation is in peril. You cannot run a war as you run a Sunday-school treat, where one man volun-

tarily brings the buns, another man supplies the tea and another brings the kettle, one looks after the boiling and another takes round the teacups, some contribute in cash, and a good many lounge about and just make the best of what is going. You cannot run a war like that.

The Sons of France and Conscription.

Have you noticed what our Allies are doing? Do you think the sons of France have gone under the shadow of the lash to defend her? If you had been there, you would have known different. The moment the country was in peril, not as a matter of duty, not as a legal obligation, but as a matter of right, as a matter of will, each son of France rallied to her flag, and it was the pride of every daughter of France of her free will to give those she loved for France. What struck me there was that there was no complaint, that they did not boast about it; it was something they took for granted that when France was in peril everybody, as a matter of privilege, should go and fight for her. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the great motto of France—I will tell you what it means. When the country is in danger, then liberty means the right of every man to defend her; equality means equality of sacrifice of every man and woman of France; fraternity means the brotherhood of endurance, effort, victory for France. That is what it means.

I met one of the most important men in France

who had just had a letter from his boy of nineteen in the trenches, and this is what the lad said: "I thank God that I was born in the year 1897, because it has given me the opportunity of laying down my life for France in 1916." That is the spirit of the whole nation, which does not regard conscription as something that compels them to do their duty, but purely as an organisation of the will of everybody to strike a blow for their native land.

Our Contributions.

I do not say we can make the same contribution in men in proportion to the population as France has done. It was generally supposed that I suggested that the other night in the House of Commons. I did not. We cannot do so. Why? We are supplying France with steel, with coal, with the material for explosives. We are supplying other Allies with munitions of war, we are supplying them generally with transport on the seas, we have in addition to a great army the greatest navy in the world—and well do our Allies, and still better do our foes, know that. The number of men engaged in equipping the Navy with munitions of war is almost as great as the numbers who are engaged in France on producing munitions for their army. We must take all that into account.

Compulsion and Liberalism.

I thought the necessity for compulsion had arisen in September. I still think so. I have come here to talk quite frankly to you. It is no use talking together over grave issues like this unless we are quite frank with each other. Every effort was made to save the voluntary system by the groups of Lord Derby's scheme, and for myself I cannot express the admiration which I have for the colossal effort put forward by Lord Derby. But Lord Derby's scheme was not the voluntary system. If you say to a man, "You come down from there. I will give you five minutes, and if you don't I shall ask a policeman to fetch you down," would that be voluntary, or would it be compulsory? As a matter of fact, there is no doubt at all, judged now by experience,—and we are all very wise after the event,—that the Derby campaign had a great many of the disadvantages of compulsion and voluntarism without the advantages of either. However, I do not want to go back upon that. That is what is known in the City as "jobbing backwards." What stands now is this, that the House of Commons, by an overwhelming majority, has declared that the time has arrived for putting a compulsory scheme into operation, and the majority has increased.

I am told that the fact that I supported it proves that I am no longer a Liberal. Well, there must be a good many Liberals in the same plight, because the other night barely one-tenth of the Lib-

eral Party voted against it. All the rest voted for it. Well, then, there is no Liberal Party alive! The Liberals had only twenty-eight members in the House. They used to have 280. What has happened to all the rest? They must be turned Tory! After all, as I tried to point out in the House of Commons,—and nobody has challenged the historical truth of what I said—great democracies in peril have always had to resort to compulsion to save themselves. Empires have been saved by compulsion, so have Republics. Three Republics, at any rate, have been saved by compulsion. It is purely, as I said, a means of organising the strength and virility of a nation to save itself from oppression, and that is why, as a Liberal fighting the battle of liberty in Europe, I have no shame in declaring for compulsory enlistment as I would for compulsory taxes or for compulsory education, or, if you will allow me, for compulsory insurance. Some of my friends are now very angry with me. I happen to be what is known in Parliamentary language and through life as a “contentious subject.” However, I have attempted to go through with it, but many are very angry with me because I supported conscription in September. In September it was heresy, in January it is the true faith. Why? Why, if it is a matter of principle? What has made the heresy of September orthodox in January? Nothing that I can see, except that in January it had the redeeming feature of tardiness and inadequacy. But there it is. It has been carried by the efforts

of the two great parties, and, unless I am mistaken, there was only a minority in the Labour Party who voted against it.

“Poison Gas.”

But, talking of attacks, I have been subjected to a cloudy discharge of poison gas. I am glad it has been done. These things had been going on clandestinely and surreptitiously for months and I could not deal with them. My difficulty was that no self-respecting man or newspaper could be found to give publicity to these attacks, and therefore I could not answer them. I am not surprised. We, after all, are a country that has produced millions of fighters, but we very rarely in history produced an assassin. They found one at last. If I may be allowed to alter my metaphor—and I like to speak in parables—there is one very disagreeable form of neighbour which you have in a town or suburb. He is the man who gathers together all the vile weeds in his garden, and, when the wind is favourable, sets fire to them when he is quite sure the fumes will go towards his innocent neighbour. Well, all you have to do—there is an advantage in it, you know it can only happen once—you just either keep away or hold your nostrils, and you know it will be burnt out. That I am going to do.

I saw that I was expected to give a full reply to what they are pleased to call these criticisms. I shall do nothing of the kind. This is a great war.

Millions of gallant lives have fallen; the fate of Europe, the fate, perhaps, of the British Empire—perhaps the fate of human liberty for generations—is trembling in the balance, and if any man believes, on the testimony of the person who publishes or invents private conversation in order to malign a friend—if any man believes that I am capable amid such terrible surroundings of making use of them for a base and treacherous intrigue to advance my private ends, let him believe it. I seek neither his friendship nor his support. I reserve my sympathy for those who get either, and my disdain for those who merit it.

Charges of Disloyalty: What Constitutes Loyalty.

But there are honest Liberals who have no taste for that kind of nauseous slander who are worried about two things. For them I have an answer. What are the two things? I have told you I have come here to speak frankly. You are my constituents. You have stood by me for thirty years, and you are entitled to know what I am about. There are people who say, “What is he up to now?” I am going to tell you what I am up to—I am up to winning this war.

But let me tell you what are the two things that trouble honest and sincere Liberals. One is that I seem to have some differences of opinion with my chief. I have worked with him for ten years; I have served under him for eight. If we had not worked harmoniously—and we have—let me tell

you here at once it would have been my fault and not his. I never worked with any one who could be more considerate. But we have had our differences. Good heaven! What use would I have been if I had not differed? I should have been no use at all. He has shown me great kindnesses during the years I have worked with him. I should have ill requited them if I had not told my opinions freely, frankly, independently, whether they agreed with his or not.

Freedom of speech is essential everywhere, but there is one place where it is vital, and that is in the Council Chamber. The councillor who professes to agree with everything that falls from his leader has betrayed him. Napoleon, who was a great leader of men, discouraged free discussion everywhere except in the council of war. There he encouraged it. He promoted it, he did not ask the people there to say ditto to what he professed, and if there had been any foolish newspapers in that day who, the moment they discovered that councillors inside Napoleon's Council Chamber had dared to disapprove of his plans, published the fact and denounced them as cavillers, traitors, and intriguers, they would have done infinite harm to France, for they would have ruined Napoleon. There are twenty-three of us and if we all came together with exactly the same mind, exactly the same plan, exactly the same proposals and schemes, what a marvel it would have been, and how worthless would it have been!

After all, in the Council Chamber you want free

expression of opinion. You want a variety of opinions expressed, and the height of wisdom is in knowing, not what counsel to give, but which counsel to take. Many men, many minds, and if there are not many minds you may depend upon it there are not very many men. They are not men, but automatons, and what I want to know is this, whether the nation in a great war wants counsellors or mere penny-in-the-slot machines. If the latter, then all I can say is I desire to be no part of the equipment.

“Wage War with all your might.”

Let me give you a second matter which seems to be worrying some of my very best Liberal friends. They are rather shocked in their hearts because I am throwing such fervour into the prosecution of the war. Well, I hate war. I very often feel a sense of shock pass through my system when I realise what the terrible machines which I am helping to manufacture are intended for. But you either make war or you don't. It is the business of statesmen to strain every nerve to keep a nation out of war, but once they are in it, it is also their business to wage it with all their might. It is the old story, Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in it, see that thine enemy beware of thee. That is the reason why men can wage effective war only when they have either a good conscience or no conscience at all. The latter has been the German case. I also hate

war, and that is the reason why I want this to be the last, and it won't be unless this war is effectively waged by us. A badly conducted war means a bad peace, and a bad peace means no peace at all. That is why I have urged that this war should be conducted with determination.

The Need for Resolution.

You must not only be resolute, but you must appear to be resolute. I have heard a good deal of criticism of the Government—some of it very unfair, some of it very ill-informed, a good deal of it rather shrewish—but I will tell you at once the criticism I have had most difficulty in answering. I will put it in this form—that we are a huge, unwieldy van, very good material in all its parts, but rather lacking in propelling power, and for that reason, whenever we come to an obstacle or declivity, we rather roll and ricket and threaten to come to a standstill. One set of men, we are told, pushes one way, another set of men pushes another way, and a further set of men undoubtedly tries to throw us over altogether, and the direction in which we go depends on the largest number of men who are pushing or upon the purchase which they have got at the moment.

I do not think it is fair criticism altogether, and it does not sufficiently take into account enormous difficulties which you have in a great war like this. We have accomplished enormous results in the raising of armies and in their equipment, when

you consider that we began with about the tiniest army in Europe, smaller than the Serbian Army, and that we now have one of the greatest and best equipped armies in the world. Still I agree that in conducting a war a Government should not only be resolute but appear resolute. War is a terrible business, but men will face all its horrors if they have confidence in their leaders. But if there is hesitation, if there is timidity, if there is the appearance of irresolution, the bravest hearts will fail. The spirit of the nation is the propellant of its armies. Therefore it is important, whatever happens, that you should have confidence that the Government is doing its best in the firmest and most resolute manner to conduct the war. That is why I have had no sympathy with those who seem to think that because war is hateful you ought to fight it with a savour of regret in your actions. Doubting hand never yet struck a firm blow.

“Freedom at Stake.”

In any action which I have taken since the war I am not conscious of having departed from any principle which I ever enunciated to you on this platform. I came into politics to fight for the under dog, and it has been all the same to me whether he was an underpaid agricultural labourer, a sick workman, an infirm and broken old man or woman who had given their lives to the country, a poor slum dweller, or a small nation harried by voracious Empires. In fighting this

war I have simply, in my judgment, been carrying out the principles which I have advocated on this platform now for thirty years of my life. I have had no illusions as to what this war means or meant. I have always felt that the life of this Empire was at stake, and I know how much depends on that life. With all its faults, the British Empire, here and across the seas, stands for freer, better, ampler, nobler conditions of life for man. I believed that in this war freedom was at stake, so I have thrown myself with all my heart and soul and strength into working for victory.

Facing the Facts.

Nor have I ever had any doubts about the result, if we fought with intelligence and with resolution. The fundamental facts are in our favour. We have command of the seas. We have it now more completely than we ever had. The resources of raw material for arms, men, and equipment are ours. But it takes time to bring them all into full operation. The business of the enemy is to destroy or to wear out one of the Allies or break up the alliance before that time comes. Our business is to minimise those risks, shortening the time within which we can bring out our own maximum strength to bear on the enemy.

But I want to say one thing, time is not an ally. It is a doubtful neutral at the present moment and has not yet settled on our side. But time can be won over by effort, by preparation, by determina-

tion, by organisation. We must reckon fearlessly the forces of the enemy. We must impartially, intelligently, reckon our own. There is no greater stupidity in a war than to underestimate the forces with which you have to contend. Calculate them to the last man, add them up to the last man, add them up to the last shilling. See what you have to face, and then face it. Then I have no doubt of victory.

We must have unity among the Allies, design, and co-ordination. Unity we undoubtedly possess. No alliance that ever existed has worked in more perfect unison and harmony than the present one. Design and co-ordination leave yet a good deal to be desired. Strategy must come before geography. The Central Powers are pooling their forces, all their intelligence, all their brains, all their efforts. We have the means. They too often have the methods. Let us apply their methods to our means and we win.

“Trust the People.”

And then we shall come to the reckoning for the long, dreary, cruel tale of wrong; the outrages on Belgium, the atrocities in Poland, the barbarisms of Wittenberg, the inhumanities of the *Lusitania*. The long account must be settled to the last farthing. That is why I attach so much importance to this nation, which has so often led the battle of right and freedom in Europe, mobilising the whole of its strength for this great purpose.

I have no fear of the people. Britain will fight it out. We are a sluggish people, but no one ever made the mistake that we were faint-hearted without suffering for it. I believe in the old motto, "Trust the People." Tell them what is happening. There is nothing to conceal. Have all the facts before them. They are a courageous people, but they never put forward their best effort in this land until they face the alternative of disaster. Tell them what they are confronted with and they will rise to every occasion. Look at the way they are doing it. The people are capable of rising to greater heights than even their truest leaders ever believed. Look at the way, the cheerful way—it is the amazement of every man who has been at the front—they are enduring hardships, wounds, facing danger and death on the battlefield. Look at the calm, quiet courage with which the men and women at home are enduring grief. You can trust the people.

I read a story the other day about a mining camp at the foot of a black mountain in the great West. The diggers had been toiling long and hard with but scant encouragement for their labours, and one night a terrible storm swept over the mountain. An earthquake shattered its hard surface and hurled its rocks about; and in the morning in the rents and fissures they found a rich deposit of gold. This is a great storm that is sweeping over the favoured lands of Europe; but in this night of terror you will find that the hard crust of

selfishness and greed has been shattered, and in the rent hearts of the people you will find treasures, golden treasures, of courage, steadfastness, endurance, devotion, and of the faith that endureth for ever.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

WHY SHOULD WE NOT SING?

SPEECH DELIVERED AT ABERYSTWYTH, AT THE WELSH
NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, AUGUST 17TH, 1916.

I HAVE come here at some inconvenience to attend, and if necessary to defend, this Eisteddfod. I have been a strong advocate of its being held. I was anxious there should be no interruption on account of the war in the continuity of the Welsh National Eisteddfod. It is too valuable an institution, it has rendered too great services to our country to risk its life by placing it into a state of suspended animation for an indefinite period. The British Association has held its meetings every year since the war began; it will hold another next month, and I am glad of it; but much as I esteem the services rendered to research by that gathering, I claim that the services rendered to popular culture by the National Eisteddfod have been even greater.

There are a few people who know nothing about the Eisteddfod who treat it as if it were merely an annual jollification which eccentric people indulge in. There was a letter appearing in *The Times* this week written by a person who seems to hold that opinion. He signs himself "A Welshman." He evidently thinks that the publication of his

name would add nothing to the weight of his appeal, so he has—wisely, no doubt—withheld it. Now *The Times* is not exactly the organ of the Welsh peasantry. That does not matter to this gentleman, because he makes it clear that he has no objection to common people attending the Eisteddfod; but he expresses the earnest hope that important people like the Welsh M.P.'s will not encourage such an improper assembly by giving it their presence. His notion of the Eisteddfod is a peculiar one, and as there might be a few people outside Wales who hold the same views, I think I must refer to this estimate of its purport and significance. He places it in the same category as a football match or a horse-race and a good deal beneath a cinema or music-hall performance. These are kept going afternoon and evening without the slightest protest in the columns of *The Times* from this egregious Welshman.

The competing bards are to him so many race-horses started round the course by Mr. L. D. Jones, the chairing day being, I suppose, the Bardic Oaks. Sir Vincent Evans would be the grand bookmaker, who arranges the stakes, and of course we all have something on one or other of the starters. The meetings of the Cymmrodorion, the Gorsedd of the Bards, the Arts Section, the Folklore Society, the Union of the Welsh Societies, and the Bibliographical Society are the side-shows which amuse the Eisteddfodic larrikins whilst the race is not on. That is where the thimble-rigging and the cocoanut shies and games

of that sort are carried on! No wonder this intelligent gentleman is ashamed to avow his name. I challenge him to give it. It will be useful as a warning to readers of English papers of the class who anonymously insult Welsh institutions.

Let any man look through this programme and see for himself what the Eisteddfod means—prizes for odes, sonnets, translations from Latin and Greek literature, essays on subjects philosophical, historical, sociological. An adequate treatment of some of these subjects necessarily involves a good deal of original research. Art is encouraged; even agriculture is not forgotten. Forsooth, all this effort should be dropped on account of the war! To encourage idle persons to compose poetry during war is unpatriotic. Promoting culture amongst the people, a futile endeavour at all times, during the war is something every Welsh member of Parliament ought to snub. To give a prize for a study of the social and industrial conditions of a Welsh village is dangerous at any time, and during a war it is doubly so. To excite the interest of the people in literature during the war is a criminal waste of public money. Above all, to sing during a war, and especially to sing national songs during a war, is positively indecent, and the powers of the Defence of the Realm Act ought at once to be invoked to suppress it. Hush! No music, please; there is a war on!

Why should we not sing during war? Why, especially, should we not sing at this stage of the war? The blinds of Britain are not down yet,

nor are they likely to be. The honour of Britain is not dead, her might is not broken, her destiny is not fulfilled, her ideals are not shattered by her enemies. She is more than alive; she is more potent, she is greater than she ever was. Her dominions are wider, her influence is deeper, her purpose is more exalted than ever. Why should her children not sing? I know war means suffering, war means sorrow. Darkness has fallen on many a devoted household, but it has been ordained that the best singer amongst the birds of Britain should give its song in the night, and according to legend that sweet song is one of triumph over pain. There are no nightingales this side of the Severn. Providence rarely wastes its gifts. We do not need this exquisite songster in Wales; we can provide better. There is a bird in our villages which can beat the best of them. He is called Y Cymro. He sings in joy, he sings also in sorrow; he sings in prosperity, he sings also in adversity. He sings at play, he sings at work; he sings in the sunshine, he sings in the storm; he sings in the daytime, he sings also in the night; he sings in peace; why should he not sing in war? Hundreds of wars have swept over these hills, but the harp of Wales has never yet been silenced by one of them, and I should be proud if I contributed something to keep it in tune during the war by the holding of this Eisteddfod to-day.

Our soldiers sing the songs of Wales in the trenches, and they hold the little Eisteddfod behind them. Here is a telegram which has been

received by the secretary of the Eisteddfod from them. The telegram says: "Greetings and best wishes for success to the Eisteddfod and Cym-anfa Ganu from Welshmen in the field. Next Eisteddfod we shall be with you." Please God, they will. That telegram is from the 38th Welsh Division. They do not ask us to stop singing. There is not one of them who would not be sorry if we gave up our National Eisteddfod during the war. They want to feel that while they are upholding the honour of Wales on the battlefields of Europe, Asia, and Africa, we are doing our best to keep alive all the institutions, educational, literary, musical, religious, which have made Wales what it is to them. They want the fires on every national altar kept burning, so that they shall be alight when they return with the laurels of victory from the stricken fields of this mighty war. That is why I am in favour of holding this festival of Welsh literature and of song even in the middle of Armageddon.

But I have another and even more urgent reason for wishing to keep this Eisteddfod alive during the war. When this terrible conflict is over a wave of materialism will sweep over the land. Nothing will count but machinery and output. I am all for output, and I have done my best to improve machinery and increase output. But that is not all. There is nothing more fatal to a people than that it should narrow its vision to the material needs of the hour. National ideals without imagination are but as the thistles of the wilderness, fit neither

for food nor fuel. A nation that depends upon them must perish. We shall need at the end of the war better workshops, but we shall also need more than ever every institution that will exalt the vision of the people above and beyond the workshop and the counting-house. We shall need every national tradition that will remind them that men cannot live by bread alone.

I make no apology for advocating the holding of the Eisteddfod in the middle of this great conflict, even although it were merely a carnival of song, as it has been stigmatised. The storm is raging as fiercely as ever, but now there is a shimmer of sunshine over the waves, there is a rainbow on the tumult of surging waters. The struggle is more terrible than it has ever been, but the legions of the oppressor are being driven back and the banner of right is pressing forward. Why should we not sing? It is true there are thousands of gallant men falling in the fight—let us sing of their heroism. There are myriads more standing in the battle-lines facing the foe, and myriads more behind ready to support them when their turn comes. Let us sing of the land that gave birth to so many heroes.

I am glad that I came down from the cares and labour of the War Office of the British Empire to listen and to join with you in singing the old songs which our brave countrymen on the battlefield are singing as a defiance to the enemies of human right.

VERDUN.

SPOKEN IN THE VAULT OF THE CITADEL OF VERDUN,
SEPTEMBER, 1916.

FIRST of all I wish to tell you how glad I am that you asked me to sit at table with your officers in the heart of Verdun's citadel. I am glad to see around me those who have come back from battle, those who will be fighting to-morrow, and those who, with you, General, are sentries on these impregnable walls. The name of Verdun alone will be enough to arouse imperishable memories throughout the centuries to come. There is not one of the great feats of arms which make the history of France which better shows the high qualities of the Army and the people of France; and that bravery and devotion to country, to which the world has ever paid homage, have been strengthened by a *sang-froid* and tenacity which yield nothing to British phlegm.

The memory of the victorious resistance of Verdun will be immortal because Verdun saved not only France, but the whole of the great cause which is common to ourselves and humanity. The evil-working force of the enemy has broken itself against the heights around this old citadel as an angry sea breaks upon a granite rock. These heights have conquered the storm which threatened the world.

I am deeply moved when I tread this sacred soil, and I do not speak for myself alone. I bring to you a tribute of the admiration of my country, of the great Empire which I represent here. They bow with me before your sacrifice and before your glory. Once again, for the defence of the great causes with which its very future is bound up, mankind turns to France. "A la France! Aux hommes tombés sous Verdun!"

THE GREAT MEN OF WALES.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE CARDIFF TOWN HALL ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF STATUES OF GREAT MEN OF WALES, PRESENTED BY LORD RHONDDA ON HIS BEING ADMITTED TO THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY, OCTOBER 27TH, 1916.

THIS is a theme that peculiarly demands careful thought and preparation—the theme of the great men of Wales, of whom we have representatives in statuary here to-day. It is a great theme. I can give but impressions of my own mind—fugitive impressions. A nation may be rich in minerals, may be rich in its soil, may be rich in natural beauties, it may be rich in its commerce; but unless it is also rich in great men there is an essential ingredient to national wealth which is missing. The great men of any nation are like mountains. They attract and assemble the vitalising elements in the heavens and distribute and direct them in the valleys and the plains so as to irrigate the land with their fertilising qualities. The world without them would be either a desert or a morass. Just think what England would have been without its great men and women of thought and of action—no Shakespeare, no Elizabeth, no Milton, no Cromwell, no Locke, no Chatham, no Wolsey, no Wesley—I could not go through the

list of the peaks in this sublime Himalayan range of great men and great minds. England without them would have been a fen of stagnant waters, and Wales without the great men of whom we have here but representatives would have been a wretched swamp. We do well, then, not merely to honour the memory of great men, but to remind the men and women of to-day of their existence and of their work by recording their story and their achievements. I should like to say one word, not about what each of them was in his day, but of what they typify in themselves as a whole.

Welsh Civilisation an ancient one.

The first thing that strikes me in going through the list is this: how old is the civilisation of Wales. There are men, I believe—at least, I have heard of them—who seem to think the civilisation of Wales began, let us say, with the Taff Vale Railway—that it developed into its present glory with the Barry Railway and the Bute Docks; that even now you are getting into the shadows when you become a bona fide traveller, and that if you go far north the tribes would still be linked in the grip of savagery. It is one of the oldest civilisations in Europe.

Saint David.

Look at that great figure (pointing to Dewi Sant). He was none the less a saint because he

was a controversialist. I do not believe in “sant glasdwr.”* He had a real virility in his saintliness. He was a good fighter, and none the less a saint for that reason. What does he typify, this saint of the sixth century? It is a long while ago, the sixth century. It is the time of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, 1,300 years ago, when the Saxons were destroyers of a civilisation they neither comprehended nor appreciated. In those days Welshmen had a King who inculcated a new code of honour, that restrained, ennobled, exalted, engentled the brute forces of Europe for centuries. That is the civilisation of Wales. At the same time it had a saint who preached with acceptance amongst the people of the hills and the valleys of this land ideals which no human civilisation can ever perfectly achieve, but the struggle for the attainment of which will ever purify and elevate the race that undertakes it. That is what St. David means and reminds us of.

Giraldus.

Now come to the twelfth century. There is Giraldus—a complex, tumultuous character which completely fascinates anyone who meets him in the pages of history—half Norman, half Welsh, and the Welsh corpuscles in his blood waging incessant warfare on the Norman corpuscles. When the Welsh armies fighting the invaders triumphed he sat down in his cloisters and wrote a book and

* A milk-and-watery saint.

dreamed about things. Then the Norman rose and triumphed for a moment, and he started wandering off from home after fighting for dominion at home. You have the Norman and the Welshman fighting in the same book which he wrote. First of all, in his "Itinerary," you find chapters of the most glowing eulogy upon Wales, Welsh literature, Welsh poetry, Welsh music, the Welsh character. That was written by Gerald the Welshman, the grandson of Nest. In the very following chapter there are words of the most scornful and scathing criticism, destructive of everything Welsh, its character, its literature, its everything. That was written by Gerald the Norman, the son of Du Barri. He carried it so far that in that very book he wrote chapters instructing the Norman how he was to subdue Wales, and that again was written by the Norman. He then in the very next chapter wrote a most elaborate system of strategy to teach the Welshman how to rebel against the Norman. That was written by Gerald the Welshman. It was the same man. He was equally sincere in both. There was no deceit. There was no hypocrisy. It is written in the same book, almost at the same time, and under the same signature—the same man. He had only more than usual of the inconsistency of all great men of action, because the greatest men of action are also the greatest dreamers, and there is, therefore, that wild raging conflict in each. You get it typified in that fascinating half-Norman, half-Welshman who came from Pembrokehire. That is Ger-

ald, and a very attractive person he is. Why do I dwell on him? I will tell you. He gives a complete, detailed account of Wales in the twelfth century. He wrote the very best journalistic material said to have been written at that time. He was a journalist and an impressionist, and he gives an account of an itinerary through Wales. A good many of you, if not most of you, have read it. If you have not read it, read it. It is a good thing to understand the country one is living in. He also gives an account of Ireland—but I advise you not to read that!

Early Wales.

What account does he give of Wales? He gives a description of a cultivated, refined people, devoted to poetry and literature and music and religion, devoted to the needs of the mind and of the soul, with a language which at that time was a fine medium for the most subtle expression of human thought, a people who believed in culture—not with a “k”—a real culture. That is the description given by Gerald of Wales at that period. And if some of you have read—I have no doubt most of you have—Green’s “History of England,” one of the most charming books of history you can ever dip in, you will find therein an account of that period and the influence of Welsh literature upon England, how the new poetry of the twelfth century burst forth in Wales not from one bard or another, but from a nation at large.

It was a literary people, not a man here or there, but a whole nation—a literary nation. That was the Wales of the twelfth century. “The new enthusiasm of the race,” said Mr. Green, “found an admirable means of utterance in its tongue, as real a development of the old Celtic language heard by Cæsar as the Romance tongues are developments of Cæsar’s Latin, but which at a far earlier date than any other language of modern Europe had attained to definite structure and to settled literary form.” That is what Gerald the Welshman represents.

German Scholars and Welsh Poetry.

I once had a talk with a German professor. He was very intelligent, one of the most intellectual men in Germany, and he said to me: “We have been studying the literature of England, and we came across something we did not understand, something we could not account for. I think,” he said, “it was in the twelfth century.” He added: “The Teuton has never been a master of lyrics, but we found the Saxon of England in those days a master of the lyrical form of poetry, and we said, ‘Where has this come from?’ ” They said “There must have been some extraneous influence,” and, with the German systematic mind, they followed it until at last they traced it to Wales. With Teutonic thoroughness they mastered the language, and they discovered a treasure of song that dazzled them—something they had never

heard of, something they had never thought of as being in existence. That was the Wales of the twelfth century, overflowing into England and influencing English literature. The poetry of Wales was like the Severn, rising in the Welsh hills, deriving its source, deriving its inspiration, its impulse, from the mountains of Wales, overflowing into the plains of England, then winding back until now it forms a hitherto unbridged boundary between England and Wales at the very point where its waters are merging into the great ocean that laves the shores of many continents.

Dafydd ap Gwilym.

Here also is Dafydd ap Gwilym. He was of the fourteenth century. George Borrow, no mean judge of literary form and style, said of Dafydd ap Gwilym that he always considered him as the greatest poetical genius that had appeared in Europe since the revival of literature. While George Borrow had reasons perhaps other than literary for feeling kindly towards Dafydd ap Gwilym, all the same he was a great judge; and Matthew Arnold, who was a much sterner critic, places Dafydd ap Gwilym amongst the great poets of Europe. He is not always easy to read, even for a Welshman. He is as difficult to read as Chaucer is. But when you take the trouble there are few things in life that give greater joy than to read some of the poems of Dafydd ap Gwilym. They are, undoubtedly, among the things of beauty that are a joy for

ever. They are as beautiful as the most beautiful valley in Wales.

Hywel Dda.

Here you have also the legislator—Hywel Dda. It is worth while reading his laws even now—sagacious, shrewd, showing a deep insight into the motive powers of human nature, and withal essentially humane. The laws of Hywel Dda, if you put them side by side with the laws of this country a century ago—aye, with the laws of this country even now—show a greater tenderness for human weakness in many particulars, and they might very well be emulated by those who wish to see a country well governed and contented.

And you have here Henry VII., the first of a strong dynasty of Sovereigns who founded this, the greatest Empire in the world. He was the grandson of an Anglesey gentleman farmer. You have the greatest hymnologist, not in Wales, but the greatest hymnologist in Britain—Williams of Pantycelyn. I wish it were possible to translate hymns, to translate lyrics—ah, when it is done what a treat is in store for our English fellow-countrymen! They do not realise it. It is the perfection of form and all poetic sentiment.

The Orators.—A Plea.

I am not going to refer to the others—to the great translator of the Bible into Welsh, for in-

stance; but I should like to say one word about those who are not here. The greatest period in Welsh history is represented by Williams Pantycelyn, but he was only representative of one type that made modern Wales. I wish it had been possible to have had a type, first of all, of those who made the religious revival of Wales, and, secondly, of those who made the intellectual revival of Wales. I know how difficult it is. When you come nearer modern times there are always sectional prejudices and predilections which have to be considered and reconciled. But if there is any difficulty I suggest that you leave it to be settled by a spiritually-minded man who does not belong to any sect—and there are a good many of them to be found.

At the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth you had an outburst of oratory of the first order, such as no nation had ever crowded before into a half-century. [Oratory is moving speech, not moving to tears, but moving to admiration. That may be rhetoric, it may be even literature, but it is not oratory. Oratory is the moving of man to action. Demosthenes moved his fellow-citizens to action against a tyranny that was impending. These great orators moved a people from darkness to the path that led to the light, from bondage to the rugged road that leads to a true freedom. The greater the oratory the greater the movement, the more prolonged it is, the more sustained it is, and no orators who ever lived moved a people so far along the road—moved

them so high in their climb—as those great gifted men who were orators, and who should stand as statuary in the greatest hall that ever was built to represent the genius of man. I wish there were one representative—one. It would not be difficult; they would not quarrel. There (pointing) is a poet whose songs in his life everyone profoundly disapproved of. There are bishops who did not belong to their particular Church, Catholic and Anglican. They have passed beyond the veil, where judgments are tolerant, where realities only count, and where Dafydd ap Gwilym will be greeted by Rowlands Llangeitho as a man who talked of the realities, of the things of God.

You need not fear to put them here; let us have one of them here, just one of the greatest men that ever thrilled a nation from death into life. That is my plea. Then there is the intellectual revival of Wales. Those colleges, those schools—they did not spring from the earth. There were great men who ploughed and harrowed the ground and sowed the seed, took out the weeds, and tended and shepherded the growing institutions. Let us have one of those.

I do not say the representation will be complete. It is difficult to make complete any representation of the great men of a nation. Great men provoke controversy. Dafydd ap Gwilym was buried for centuries in the dust of obloquy. It is but recently that he has risen from the dead. There are men I dare not mention, dead men, and, although dead, men I cannot mention in an assembly which takes

diverse views about them—martyrs, social thinkers, like Robert Owen. They are men who fought and suffered for religious equality and freedom of conscience. It is difficult to bring men of that kind in, because they fight even though they be dead. Their battle is not over yet: they are still fighting. They are fighting for something that will only emerge into consent centuries hence. When that happens they will have their place in the National Valhalla, and a high place it will be. But let them work their way there. The great orators of Wales, the great educational reformers of Wales, have surely ceased to be controversialists.

Power of Little Nations.

One or two words in conclusion. We are here to honour the great men of a little nation, such a small nation compared with the nations that are on the arena now. And yet little nations were never more alive, never more important than they are to-day in this conflict of gigantic Empires. If I were to pass a criticism upon the Allies I would say that while fighting for little nations they have never fully recognised and realised their value and their potential strength. They have never realised quite the value of Belgium, of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, of Greece, of Roumania. When the time comes to write the story of this conflict it will be found that the cardinal blunder of the Allies was that they did not understand the power, the potential power, of the little nations. Britain is now at the full strength of an Imperial

tide, and whilst the tide will get still higher, it will never submerge the joy of the little nation in its past, in its present, and in the future which it conceives for itself. The small nation is like a little stream. It does not cease to have a separate existence even when its waters are merged in the great river. It still runs along the same valley, under the same name, draining the same watershed, and if it ceases to flow and to gather the waters of its own plain the great river would shrink, the great river would lose half its impetus and the purity of its waters.

That great river is now in flood. A storm of righteous anger against a ghastly wrong has swept over the land, and the river is full to overflowing. But I thank God for the fact that there are cataracts from the mountains of Wales swelling now the torrent of angry waters that will sweep away for ever the oppression which has menaced generations.

**EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES
AS PRIME MINISTER**

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON BECOMING PREMIER, DECEMBER 19TH, 1916.

I APPEAR before the House of Commons to-day, with the most terrible responsibility that can fall upon the shoulders of any living man, as the chief adviser of the Crown, in the most gigantic war in which the country has ever been engaged—a war upon the event of which its destiny depends. It is the greatest war ever waged. The burdens are the heaviest that have been cast upon this or any other country, and the issues which hang upon it are the gravest that have been attached to any conflict in which humanity has ever been involved.

Allies' Answer to the Peace Note.

The responsibilities of the new Government have been suddenly accentuated by a declaration made by the German Chancellor, and I propose to deal with that at once. The statement made by him in the German Reichstag has been followed by a Note presented to us by the United States of America without any note or comment. The answer that will be given by the Government will be given in full accord with all our brave Allies.

Naturally, there has been an interchange of views, not upon the Note, because it only recently arrived, but upon the speech which propelled it, and inasmuch as the Note itself is practically only a reproduction, or certainly a paraphrase, of the speech, the subject-matter of the Note itself has been discussed informally between the Allies, and I am very glad to be able to state that we have each of us separately and independently arrived at identical conclusions.

I am very glad that the first answer that was given to the statement of the German Chancellor was given by France and by Russia. They have the unquestionable right to give the first answer to such an invitation. The enemy is still on their soil; their sacrifices have been greater. The answer they have given has already appeared in all the papers, and I simply stand here to-day, on behalf of the Government, to give clear and definite support to the statement which they have already made. Let us examine what the statement is, and examine it calmly. Any man, or set of men, who wantonly, or without sufficient cause, prolonged a terrible conflict like this would have on their soul a crime that oceans could not cleanse. Upon the other hand it is equally true that any man, or set of men, who out of a sense of weariness or despair abandoned the struggle without achieving the high purpose for which we had entered into it, would be guilty of the costliest act of poltroonery ever perpetrated by any statesman. I should like to quote the very well known

words of Abraham Lincoln under similar conditions:

“We accepted this war for an object, and a worthy object, and the war will end when that object is attained. Under God I hope it will never end until that time.”

Are we likely to achieve that object by accepting the invitation of the German Chancellor? That is the only question we have to put to ourselves. There has been some talk about proposals of peace. What are the proposals? There are none. To enter into a conference at the invitation of Germany, proclaiming herself victorious, without any knowledge of the proposals she intends to make, is to put our heads into a noose with the rope end in the hands of Germany.

“Taken in once.”

This country is not altogether without experience in these matters. This is not the first time we have fought a great military despotism that was overshadowing Europe, and it will not be the first time we shall have helped to overthrow military despotism. We have an uncomfortable historical memory of these things, and we can recall that when one of the greatest of these despots had a purpose to serve in the working of his nefarious schemes, his favourite device was to appear in the garb of the angel of peace. He usually appeared under two conditions—first,

when he wished for time to assimilate his conquests, or to reorganise his forces for fresh conquests; and, secondly, when his subjects showed symptoms of fatigue and war weariness. Invariably the appeal was made in the name of humanity; and he demanded an end to bloodshed at which he professed himself to be horrified, but for which he himself was mainly responsible. Our ancestors were taken in once, and bitterly did they and Europe rue it. The time was devoted to reorganising his forces for a deadlier attack than ever upon the liberties of Europe.

Restitution, Reparation, Guarantees.

Examples of that kind cause us to regard this Note with a considerable measure of reminiscent disquiet. We feel that we ought to know, before we can give favourable consideration to such an invitation, that Germany is prepared to accede to the only terms on which it is possible for peace to be obtained and maintained in Europe. What are those terms? They have been repeatedly stated by all the leading statesmen of the Allies. My right hon. friend has stated them repeatedly here and outside:

“Restitution, reparation, guarantees against repetition.”

Let me repeat again—complete restitution, full reparation, effectual guarantees. Did the German Chancellor use a single phrase to indicate that he

was prepared to concede such terms? Was there a hint of restitution? Was there any suggestion of reparation? Was there any indication of any security for the future that this outrage on civilisation would not be again perpetrated at the first profitable opportunity? The very substance and style of the speech constitute a denial of peace on the only terms on which peace is possible. He is not even conscious now that Germany has committed any offence against the rights of free nations. Listen to this from the Note:

“Not for an instant have they” (they being the Central Powers) “swerved from the conviction that the respect of rights of other nations is not in any degree incompatible with their own rights and legitimate interests.”

When did they discover that? Where was the respect for the rights of other nations in Belgium and Serbia? Oh, that was self-defence! Menaced, I suppose, by the overwhelming armies of Belgium, the Germans had been intimidated into invading that country, to the burning of Belgian cities and villages, to the massacring of thousands of inhabitants, old and young, to the carrying of the survivors into bondage; yea, and they were carrying them into slavery at the very moment when this precious Note was being written about the unswerving conviction as to the respect of the rights of other nations! I suppose these outrages are the legitimate interest of Germany? We must know. That is not the mood of peace. If excuses

of this kind for palpable crimes can be put forward two and a half years after the exposure by grim facts of the guarantee, is there, I ask in all solemnity, any guarantee that similar subterfuges will not be used in the future to overthrow any treaty of peace you may enter into with Prussian militarism? This Note and that speech prove that not yet have they learned the very alphabet of respect for the rights of others. Without reparation, peace is impossible. Are all these outrages against humanity on land and on sea to be liquidated by a few pious phrases about humanity? Is there to be no reckoning for them? Are we to grasp the hand that perpetrated these atrocities in friendship without any reparation being tendered or given? I am told that we are to begin, Germany helping us, to exact reparation for all future violence committed after the war. We have begun already. It has already cost us so much, and we must exact it now so as not to leave such a grim inheritance to our children. Much as we all long for peace, deeply as we are horrified with war, this Note and the speech which propelled it afford us small encouragement and hope for an honourable and lasting compact.

A Bad Neighbour.

What hope is there given by that speech that the whole root and cause of this great bitterness, the arrogant spirit of the Prussian military caste, will not be as dominant as ever if we patch up a

peace now? Why, the very speech in which these peace suggestions are made resounds with the boasts of Prussian military triumphs of victory. It is a long pæan over the victory of Von Hindenburg and his legions. This very appeal for peace is delivered ostentatiously from the triumphant chariot of Prussian militarism.

We must keep a steadfast eye upon the purpose for which we entered the war, otherwise the great sacrifices we have been making will be all in vain. The German Note states that it was for the defence of their existence and the freedom of national development that the Central Powers were constrained to take up arms. Such phrases cannot even deceive those who pen them. They are intended to delude the German nation into supporting the designs of the Prussian military caste. Whoever wishes to put an end to their existence and the freedom of their national development? We welcomed their development as long as it was on the paths of peace. The greater their development upon that road, the more will all humanity be enriched by their efforts. That was not our design, and it is not our purpose now. The Allies entered this war to defend themselves against the aggression of the Prussian military domination, and having begun it, they must insist that it can only end with the most complete and effective guarantee against the possibility of that caste ever again disturbing the peace of Europe. Prussia, since she got into the hands of that caste, has been a bad neighbour, arrogant, threatening, bully-

ing, litigious, shifting boundaries at her will, taking one fair field after another from weaker neighbours, and adding them to her own domain, with her belt ostentatiously full of weapons of offence, and ready at a moment's notice to use them. She has always been an unpleasant, 'disturbing neighbour, and no wonder that the Prussians got thoroughly on the nerves of Europe. There was no peace near where they dwelt.

An Offence against the Law of Nations.

It is difficult for those who were fortunate enough to live thousands of miles away to understand what it has meant to those who lived near their boundaries. Even here, with the protection of the broad seas between us, we know what a disturbing factor the Prussians were with their constant naval menace, but even we can hardly realise what it has meant to France and to Russia. Several times within the lifetime of this generation there were threats directed at them which presented the alternative of war or humiliation. There were many of us who hoped that internal influence in Germany would have been strong enough to check and ultimately to eliminate this hectoring. All our hopes proved illusory, and now that this great war has been forced by the Prussian military leaders upon France, Russia, Italy, and ourselves, it would be folly, it would be cruel folly, not to see to it that this swashbuckling through the streets of Europe to the disturbance

of all harmless and peaceful citizens shall be dealt with now as an offence against the law of nations. The mere word that led Belgium to her own destruction will not satisfy Europe any more. We all believed it. We all trusted it. It gave way at the first pressure of temptation, and Europe has been plunged into this vortex of blood. We will, therefore, wait until we hear what terms and guarantees the German Government offer other than those, better than those, surer than those which she so lightly broke; and meanwhile we shall put our trust in an unbroken Army rather than in a broken faith.

No Speedy Victory.

For the moment, I do not think it would be advisable for me to add anything upon this particular invitation. A formal reply will be delivered by the Allies in the course of the next few days. I shall therefore proceed with the other part of the task which I have in front of me. What is the urgent task in front of the Government? To complete and make even more effective the mobilisation of all our national resources, so as to enable the nation to bear the strain, however prolonged, and to march through to victory, however lengthy and however exhausting may be the journey. It is a gigantic task, and let me give this word of warning: If there be any who have given their confidence to the new Administration in expectation of a speedy victory, they will be doomed

to disappointment. I am not going to paint a gloomy picture of the military situation—if I did, it would not be a true picture—but I must paint a stern picture, because that accurately represents the facts. I have always insisted on the nation being taught to realise the actual facts of this war. I have attached enormous importance to that at the risk of being characterised as a pessimist. I believe that a good many of our misunderstandings have arisen from exaggerated views which have been taken about successes and from a disposition to treat as trifling real set-backs. To imagine that you can only get the support and the help, and the best help, of a strong people by concealing difficulties is to show a fundamental misconception. The British people possess as sweet a tooth as anybody, and they like pleasant things put on the table, but that is not the stuff that they have been brought up on. That is not what the British Empire has been nourished on. Britain has never shown at its best except when it was confronted with a real danger and understood it.

The Worst Aspect.

Let us for a moment look at the worst. The Roumanian blunder was an unfortunate one, but at worst it prolongs the war; it does not alter the fundamental facts of the war. I cannot help hoping that it may even have a salutary effect in calling the attention of the Allies to obvious defects in their organisation, not merely the organisation

of each but the organisation of the whole, and if it does that and braces them up to fresh effort it may prove, bad as it is, a blessing. That is the worst. That has been a real set-back. It is the darkest cloud—and it is a cloud that appeared on a clearing horizon. We are doing our best to make it impossible that that disaster should lead to worse. That is why we have taken in the last few days very strong action in Greece. We mean to take no risks there. We have decided to take definite and decisive action, and I think it has succeeded. We have decided also to recognise the agents of that great Greek statesman, M. Venizelos.

The New Army.

I wanted to clear out of the way what I regarded as the worst features in the military situation, but I should like to say one word about the lesson of the fighting on the Western front—not about the military strategy, but about the significance of the whole of that great struggle, one of the greatest struggles ever waged in the history of the world. It is full of encouragement and of hope. Just look at it! An absolutely new Army! The old had done its duty and spent itself in the achievement of that great task. This is a new Army. But a year ago it was ore in the earth of Britain, yea, and of Ireland. It became iron. It has passed through a fiery furnace, and the enemy knows that it is now fine steel. An absolutely new Army, new men, new officers taken from schools,

from colleges, from counting-houses, never trained to war, never thought of war, many of them perhaps never handling a weapon of war, generals never given the opportunity of handling great masses of men. Some of us had seen the manœuvres. A division which is now set to attack a small village is more than our generals ever had the opportunity of handling before the war. Compared with the great manœuvres on the Continent, they were toy manœuvres. And yet this New Army, new men, new officers, generals new to this kind of work, they have faced the greatest army in the world, the greatest army the world has ever seen, the best equipped and the best trained, and they have beaten them, beaten them, beaten them! Battle after battle, day after day, week after week! From the strongest entrenchments ever devised by human skill they have driven them out by valour, by valour which is incredible when you read the story of it.

There is something which gives you hope, which fills you with pride in the nation to which they belong. It is a fact, and it is a fact full of significance for us—and for the foe. It is part of his reckoning as well. He has seen that Army grow and proved under his very eyes. A great French general said to me, “Your Army is a new army. It must learn, not merely generals, not merely officers, but the men must learn not merely what to do, but how and when to do it.” They are becoming veterans, and therefore, basing our confidence upon these facts, I am as convinced as I ever was

of ultimate victory if the nation proves as steady, as valorous, as ready to sacrifice and as ready to learn and to endure as that great Army of our sons in France.

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Controversy placed on one Side.

I should like now to say a word or two about the Government itself, and, in doing so, I am anxious to avoid all issues that excite irritation or controversy or disunion. This is not a time for that. But it must not be assumed, if I do so, that I accept as complete the accounts which have been given of the way in which the Government was formed. My attitude towards the policy of the late Administration, of which I was a member and for all whose deeds I am just as responsible as any one of them, has been given in letters and memoranda, and my reasons for leaving it have also been given in a letter. If it were necessary, I should on personal grounds have welcomed its publication, but I am convinced that controversies as to the past will not help us as to the future, and therefore, as far as I am concerned, I place them on one side and go on with what I regard as the business of the Government under these trying conditions. I should like to say something, first of all, as to the unusual character and composition of the Government as an executive body.

Constitution of the New Government.

The House has realised that there has been a separation between the functions of the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House. That was because we came to the conclusion that it was more than any one man, whatever his energy or physical strength might be, could do to undertake both functions in the middle of a great war. The task of the Leader of the House is a very anxious and absorbing task, even in war. I have not been able to attend the House very much myself during the last two or three years, but I have been here often enough to realise that the task of the Leader of the House of Commons is not a sinecure even in a war—friends of mine took care that it should not be so!

So much for that point. Now there are three characteristics in the present Administration in which it may be said it has departed, perhaps, from precedent. First of all, there is the concentration of the Executive in a very few hands; the second is the choosing of men of administrative and business capacity rather than men of Parliamentary experience, where we were unable to obtain both, for the headship of a great Department; and the third is a franker and fuller recognition of the partnership of Labour in the Government of this country. No Government that has ever been formed to rule this country has had such a number of men who all their lives have been associated with labour and with the labour organisa-

tions of this country. We realised that it was impossible to conduct war without getting the complete and unqualified support of Labour, and we were anxious to obtain their assistance and their counsel for the purpose of the conduct of the war.

“Peace Structures.”

The fact that this is a different kind of organisation from any that preceded it is not necessarily a criticism upon its predecessors. They were peace structures. They were organised for a different purpose and a different condition of things. The kind of craft you have for river or canal traffic is not exactly the kind of vessel you construct for the high seas. I have no doubt that the old Cabinets—I am not referring to the last Cabinet, I am referring to the old system of Cabinets, where the heads of every Department were represented inside the Cabinet—I have no doubt that the old Cabinets were better adapted for navigating the Parliamentary river with its shoals and shifting sands, and perhaps for a cruise in home waters. But a Cabinet of twenty-three is rather top-heavy for a gale. I do not say that this particular craft is best adapted for Parliamentary navigation, but I am convinced it is the best for the war, in which you want quick decision above everything.

Look at the last two and a half years. I am not referring to what has happened in this country. When I say these things I would rather the House

of Commons looked at the war as a whole, and took the concerns of the Allies as a whole. We are all perfectly certain, and I shall have the assent of my right hon. friend (Mr. Asquith) in this, that the Allies have suffered disaster after disaster through tardiness of decision and action, very largely for reasons I shall give later on. I know in this I am in complete agreement with my right hon. friend. It is true that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. That was written for Oriental countries in peace times. You cannot run a war with a Sanhedrim. That is the meaning of the Cabinet of five, with one of its members doing sentry duty outside, manning the walls, and defending the Council Chamber against attack while we are trying to do our work inside.

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The Food Problem.

The problem is a double one; it is one of distribution and of production. In respect of both, we must call upon the people of this country to make real sacrifices, but it is essential, when we do so, that the sacrifices should be equal. The overconsumption by the affluent must not be allowed to create a shortage for the less well-to-do. I am sure we can depend upon men and women of all conditions to play the game. Any sort of concealment hurts the nation. It hurts it when it is fighting for its life. Therefore, we must appeal to the nation as a whole, men and women, to assist us to

so distribute our resources that there shall be no man, woman, or child who will be suffering from hunger because someone else has been getting too much.

When you come to production, every available square yard must be made to produce food. The labour available for tillage should not be turned to more ornamental purposes until the food necessities of the country have been adequately safeguarded. The best use must be made of land and of labour to increase the food supplies of this country—corn, potatoes, and all kinds of food products. All those who have the opportunity must feel it is their duty to the State to assist in producing and in contributing to the common stock, upon which everybody can draw. If they do this, we shall get food without any privation, without any want, everybody having plenty of the best and healthiest food. By that means and that means alone will the nation be able to carry through the war to that triumphal issue to which we are all looking forward.

A National Lent.

It means sacrifice. But what sacrifice? Talk to a man who has returned from the horrors of the Somme, or who has been through the haunting wretchedness of a winter campaign, and you will know something of what those gallant men are enduring for their country. They are enduring much, they are hazarding all, whilst we are living

in comfort and security at home. You cannot have absolute equality of sacrifice. In a war that is impossible, but you can have equal readiness to sacrifice from all. There are hundreds of thousands who have given their lives, there are millions who have given up comfortable homes and exchanged them for a daily communion with death. Multitudes have given up those whom they love best. Let the nation as a whole place its comforts, its luxuries, its indulgences, its elegances on a national altar consecrated by such sacrifices as these men have made. Let us proclaim during the war a national Lent. The nation will be better and stronger for it, mentally and morally as well as physically. It will strengthen its fibre, it will ennoble its spirit. Without it we shall not get the full benefit of this struggle. Our armies might drive the enemy out of the battered villages of France, across the devastated plains of Belgium; they might hurl them across the Rhine in battered disarray; but unless the nation as a whole shoulders part of the burden of victory it will not profit by the triumph, for it is not what a nation gains, it is what a nation gives that makes it great.

Ireland.

I wish it were possible to remove the misunderstanding between Britain and Ireland which has for centuries been such a source of misery to the one and of embarrassment and weakness to the other. Apart from the general interest which I

have taken in it, I should consider that a war measure of the first importance. I should consider it a great victory for the Allied Forces, something that would give strength to the armies of the Allies. I am convinced now that it is a misunderstanding, partly racial and partly religious. It is to the interest of both to have this misunderstanding removed, but there seems to have been some evil chance that frustrated every effort made for the achievement of better relations. I wish that that misunderstanding could be removed.

I tried once. I did not succeed. The fault was not entirely on one side. I felt the whole time that we were moving in an atmosphere of nervous suspicion and distrust, pervasive, universal, of everything and everybody. I was drenched with suspicion of Irishmen by Englishmen and of Englishmen by Irishmen, and, worst and most fatal of all, suspicion of Irishmen by Irishmen. It was a quagmire of distrust which clogged the footsteps and made progress impossible. That is the real enemy of Ireland. If that could be slain, I believe that it would accomplish an act of reconciliation that would make Ireland greater and Britain greater and would make the United Kingdom and the Empire greater than they ever were before. That is why I have always thought and said that the real solution of the Irish problem is largely one of a better atmosphere. I am speaking not merely for myself but for my colleagues when I say that we shall strive to produce that better feeling. We shall strive by every means to

produce that atmosphere, and we ask men of all races and men of all creeds and faiths to help us, not to solve a political question, but to help us to do something that will be a real contribution to the winning of the war.

The Dominions.

I must also say one word about the Dominions. Ministers have repeatedly acknowledged the splendid assistance which the Dominions have given, of their own free will, to the old country in its championship of the cause of humanity. The great ideals of national fair play and justice appeal to the Dominions just as insistently as to us. They have recognised throughout that our fight is not a selfish one, and that it is not merely a European quarrel, but that there are great world issues involved in which their children are as concerned as our children. The new Administration are as full of gratitude as the old for the superb valour which our kinsmen have shown in so many stricken fields. But that is not why I introduce the subject now. I introduce the subject now because I want to say that we feel the time has come when the Dominions ought to be more formally consulted as to the progress and course of the war, as to the steps that ought to be taken to secure victory, and as to the best methods of garnering in the fruits of their efforts as well as of our own. We propose, therefore, at an early date to summon an Imperial Conference, to place the whole

position before the Dominions, and to take counsel with them as to what further action they and we can take together in order to achieve an early and complete triumph for the ideals for which they and we have so superbly fought.

“A Common Front.”

As to our relations with the Allies—and this is the last topic I shall refer to—I ventured to say earlier in the year that there were two things we ought to seek as Allies: the first was unity of aim, and the other, unity of action. The first we have achieved. Never have Allies worked in better harmony or more perfect accord than the Allies in this great struggle. There has been no friction and there has been no misunderstanding. But when I come to the question of unity of action I still think that there is a good deal left to be desired. I have only to refer to the incident of Roumania, and each man can spell out for himself what I mean. The enemy have two advantages—two supreme advantages. One is that they act on internal lines, and the other is that there is one great dominant power that practically directs the forces of all. We have neither of these advantages. We must, therefore, achieve the same end by other means. The advantages we possess are advantages which time improves. No one can say that we have made the best of that time. There has been a tardiness of decision and action. I forget who said about Necker that he was like a

clock that was always too slow. There is a little of that in the great Alliance clock—Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania!

Before we can take full advantage of the enormous resources at the command of the Allies, there must be some means of arriving at quicker and readier decisions, and of carrying them out. I believe that that can be done, and if we quicken our action as well as our decisions it will equalise the conditions more than we have succeeded in doing in the past. There must be more consultation, more real consultation, between the men who matter in the direction of affairs. There must be less of the feeling that each country has its own front to look after. It has been carried so far that almost each Department might have a front of its own. The policy of a common front must be a reality. It is a reality on the other side. Austrian guns are helping German infantry, and German infantry are stiffening Austrian arms. The Turks are helping Germans and Austrians, and Bulgarians mix with all. There is an essential feeling that there is but one front, and I believe we have to get that more and more, instead of having overwhelming guns on one side and bare breasts, gallant breasts, on the other. It is essential for the Allies not merely to realise that, but to carry it out in policy and action. I take this opportunity at the beginning of this new Administration of emphasising that point, because I believe it is an essential for great victory, and for

the curtailment of the period before victory arrives.

The Issue Higher than Party.

I end with one personal note, for which I hope the House will forgive me. May I say, and I say it in all sincerity, that it is one of the deepest regrets of my life that I should part from the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Asquith). Some of his friends know how I strove to avert it. For years I served under the right hon. gentleman, and I am proud to say so. I never had a kinder or more indulgent chief. If there were any faults of temper, they were entirely mine, and I have no doubt I must have been difficult at times. No man had greater admiration for his brilliant intellectual attainments, and no man was happier to serve under him. For eight years we differed as men of such different temperaments must necessarily differ, but we never had a personal quarrel, in spite of serious differences in policy; and it was with deep, genuine grief that I felt it necessary to tender my resignation to my right hon. friend. But there are moments when personal and party considerations must sink into absolute insignificance, and if in this War I have given scant heed to the call of party,—and so I have, although I have been as strong a party man as any in this House,—it is because I realised, from the moment the Prussian cannon hurled death at a peaceable and inoffensive little country, that a challenge had

been sent to civilisation to decide an issue higher than party, deeper than party, wider than all parties—an issue upon the settlement of which will depend the fate of men in this world for generations, when existing parties will have fallen like dead leaves on the highway. Those issues are the issues that I want to keep in front of the nation, so that we shall not falter or faint in our resolve.

There is a time in every prolonged and fierce war, in the passion and rage of the conflict, when men forget the high purpose with which they entered it. This is a struggle for international right, international honour, international good faith—the channel along which peace, honour, and good will must flow amongst men. The embankments laboriously built up by generations of men against barbarism have been broken, and had not the might of Britain passed into the breach, Europe would have been inundated with a flood of savagery and unbridled lust of power. The plain sense of fair play amongst nations, the growth of an international conscience, the protection of the weak against the strong by the stronger, the consciousness that justice has a more powerful backing in this world than greed, the knowledge that any outrage upon fair dealing between nations, great or small, will meet with prompt and inevitable chastisement—these constitute the causeway along which humanity was progressing slowly to higher things. The triumph of Prussia would sweep it all away and leave mankind to struggle helpless

in the morass. That is why, since this war began, I have known but one political aim. For that I have fought with a single eye. It is the rescue of mankind from the most overwhelming catastrophe that has ever yet menaced its well-being.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE GUILDHALL,
AT A MEETING HELD TO LAUNCH THE VICTORY WAR LOAN,
JANUARY 11TH, 1917.

The German Trap.

THE German Kaiser a few days ago sent a message to his people that the Allies had rejected his peace offer. He did so in order to drug those whom he can no longer dragoon. Where are those offers? We have asked for them. We have never seen them. We were not offered terms; we were offered a trap baited with fair words. They tempted us once, but the lion has his eyes open now. We have rejected no terms that we have ever seen. Of course it would suit them to have peace at the present moment on their own terms. We all want peace; but when we get it, it must be a real peace. The Allied Powers separately, and in council together, have come to the same conclusion. Knowing well what war means, knowing especially what this war means in suffering, in burdens, in horror, they have decided that even war is better than peace—peace at the Prussian price of domination over Europe. We made that clear in our reply to Germany; we made it still clearer in our reply to the United States of America. Before we attempt to rebuild the temple of

peace we must see now that the foundations are solid. They were built before upon the shifting sands of Prussian faith; henceforth, when the time for rebuilding comes, it must be on the rock of vindicated justice.

Determination of the Allies.

I have just returned from a Council of War of the four great Allied countries upon whose shoulders most of the burden of this terrible war falls. I cannot give you the conclusions: there might be useful information in them for the enemy. There were no delusions as to the magnitude of our task; neither were there any doubts about the result. All felt that if victory were difficult, defeat was impossible. There was no flinching, no wavering, no faintheartedness, no infirmity of purpose. There was a grim resolution that at all costs we must achieve the high aim with which we accepted the challenge of the Prussian military caste and rid Europe and the world of its menace for ever. No country could have refused that challenge without loss of honour. No one could have rejected it without impairing national security. No one could have failed to take it up without forfeiting something which is of greater value to every free and self-respecting people than life itself.

Spirit of the Rome Conference.

These nations did not enter into the war lightly. They did not embark upon this enter-

prise without knowing what it really meant. They were not induced by the prospect of an easy victory. Take this country. The millions of our men who enrolled in the Army enlisted after the German victories of August, 1914, when they knew the accumulative and concentrated power of the German military machine. That is when they placed their lives at the disposal of their country. What about other nations? They knew what they were encountering, that they were fighting an organisation which had been perfected for generations by the best brains of Prussia, perfected with one purpose—the subjugation of Europe. And yet they faced it. Why did they do it? I passed through hundreds of miles of the beautiful lands of France and of Italy, and as I did so I asked myself this question: Why did the peasants leave by the million these sunny vineyards and corn-fields in France—why did they quit these enchanting valleys in Italy, with their comfort and their security and their calm—in order to face the dreary and wild horrors of the battlefield? They did it for one purpose and one purpose only. They were not driven to the slaughter by kings. These are great democratic countries. No Government could have lasted twenty-four hours that had forced them into an abhorrent war. Of their own free will they embarked upon it, because they knew a fundamental issue had been raised which no country could have shirked without imperilling all that has been won in the centuries of the past and all that remains to be won in the ages of the

future. That is why, as the war proceeds, and the German purpose becomes more manifest, the conviction has become deeper in the minds of these people that they must break their way through to victory in order to save Europe from unspeakable despotism. That was the spirit which animated the Allied Conference at Rome last week.

“Looking to Great Britain.”

But I will tell you one thing that struck me, and strikes me more and more each time that I visit the Continent and attend these Conferences. That is the increasing extent to which the Allied peoples are looking to Great Britain. They are trusting to her rugged strength, to her great resources. To them she looks like a great tower in the deep. She is becoming more and more the hope of the oppressed and the despair of the oppressor, and I feel more and more confident that we shall not fail the people who put their trust in us. When that arrogant Prussian caste flung the signature of Britain to a treaty into the waste-paper basket as if it were of no account, they knew not the pride of the land they were treating with such insolent disdain. They know it now. Our soldiers and sailors have taught them to respect it.

You have heard the eloquent account of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the achievements of our soldiers. Our sailors are gallantly defending the honour of our country on the high seas of the world. They have strangled the enemy's com-

merce, and will continue to do so, in spite of all the piratical devices of the foe. In 1914 and 1915, for two years, a small, ill-equipped army held up the veterans of Prussia with the best equipment in Europe. In 1916 they hurled them back, and delivered a blow from which they are reeling. In 1917 the armies of Britain will be more formidable than ever in training, in efficiency, and in equipment, and you may depend upon it that if we give them the necessary support they will cleave a road to victory through all the dangers and perils of the next few months.

A Bombardment of Cheques.

But we must support them. They are worth it. Have you ever talked to a soldier who has come back from the front? There is not one of them who will not tell you how he is encouraged and sustained by hearing the roar of the guns behind him. This is what I want to see: I want to see cheques hurtling through the air, fired from the City of London, from every city, town, village, and hamlet throughout the land, fired straight into the entrenchments of the enemy. Every well-directed cheque, well loaded, properly primed, is a more formidable weapon of destruction than a 12-inch shell. It clears the path of the barbed wire entanglements for our gallant fellows to march through. A big loan helps to ensure victory. A big loan will also shorten the war. It will help to save life; it will help to save the British Em-

pire; it will help to save Europe; it will help to save civilisation. That is why we want the country to rise to this occasion and show that the old spirit of Britain, represented by this great British meeting, is still as alive and as alert and as potent as ever.

“Extravagance Costs Blood.”

I want to appeal to the men at home, and to the women also, for they have done their part nobly. A man who has been Munitions Minister for twelve months must feel a debt of gratitude to the women for what they have done. They have helped to win, and without them we should not do it. I want to make a special appeal, or, rather, to enforce the special appeal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Let no money be squandered in luxury and indulgence which can be put into the fight. Every ounce counts in this fight. Do not waste it. Do not throw it away. Put it there to help the valour of our brave young boys. Back them up. Let us contribute to assist them. Have greater pride in them than in costly garments. They in their turn will feel proud of their mothers to-day, and their pride in them will grow in years to come when the best garments will have rotted. It will glisten and glitter. It will improve with the years. They can put it on with old age and say, “This is something I contributed in the Great War.”

Men and women of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, the first charge—the first charge—upon all your surplus money over your needs for

yourselves and your children should be to help those gallant young men of ours who have tendered their lives for the cause of humanity. The more we get the surer the victory. The more we get the shorter the war. The more we get the less it will cost in treasure, and the greatest treasure of all, brave blood. The more we give the more will the nation gain. You will enrich it by your contributions—by your sacrifices. Extravagance—I want to bring this home to every man and woman throughout these islands—extravagance during the war costs blood—costs blood! And what blood! Valiant blood—the blood of heroes. It would be worth millions to save one of them. A big loan will save myriads of them. Help them not merely to win; help them to come home to shout for the victory which they have won!

“Equipment for the Allies.”

It means better equipment for our troops. It means better equipment for the Allies as well, and this—and I say it now for the fiftieth if not the hundredth time—is a war of equipment. Why are the Germans pressing back our gallant Allies in Roumania? It is not that they are better fighters. They are certainly not. The Roumanian peasant has proved himself to be one of the toughest fighters in the field when he has a chance, poor fellow, and he never had much. As for the Russian, the way in which with bare breast he has fought for two years and a half, with inferior

guns, insufficient rifles, inadequate supplies of ammunition, is one of the world's tales of heroism. Let us help to equip them, and there will be another story to tell soon.

"A Safe Investment."

That is why I am glad to follow the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the appeal which he has made to the patriotism of our race—but with true Scottish instinct he put the appeal to prudence first! He laid it down as a good foundation for patriotism and reserved that for his peroration. I shall reverse the order, belonging to a less canny race. I want to say it is a good investment. After all, the old country is the best investment in the world. It was a sound concern before the war; it will be sounder and safer than ever after the war, and especially safer. I do not know the nation that will care to touch it after the war. They had forgotten what we were like, but it will take them a long time to forget this lesson.

Have you been watching what has been going on? Before the war we had a good many shortcomings in our business, our commerce, and our industry. The war is setting them all right in the most marvellous way. You ask great business men what is going on in the factories throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Old machinery scrapped, the newest and the best set up; slipshod, wasteful methods also scrapped, hampering customs discontinued; millions brought into the

labour market to help to produce who before were merely consumers. I do not know what the National Debt will be at the end of this war, but I will make this prediction. Whatever it is, what is added in real assets to the real riches of the nation will be infinitely greater than any debt that we shall ever acquire. The resources of the nation in every direction will have been developed, directed, perfected, the nation itself disciplined, braced up, quickened. We have become a more alert people. We have thrown off useless tissues. We are a nation that has been taking exercise. We are a different people.

“The Path of Gold.”

I will tell you another difference. The Prussian menace was a running mortgage which detracted from the value of our national security. Nobody knew what it meant. We know pretty well now. You could not tell whether it meant a mortgage of hundreds of millions, or thousands of millions, and I know you could not tell that it would not mean ruin. That mortgage will be cleared off for ever, and there will be a better security, a better, sounder, safer security, at a better rate of interest. The world will then be able, when the war is over, to attend to its business. There will be no war or rumours of war to disturb and to distract it. We can build up; we can reconstruct; we can till and cultivate and enrich; and the burden and terror and waste of war will have gone.

The best security for peace will be that nations will band themselves together to punish the first peacebreaker. In the armouries of Europe every weapon will be a sword of justice. In the government of men every army will be the constabulary of peace.

There were men who hoped to see this achieved in the ways of peace. We were disappointed. It was ordained that we should not reach that golden era except along a path which itself was paved with gold, yea, and cemented with valiant blood. There are myriads who have given the latter, and there are myriads more ready for the sacrifice if their country needs it. It is for us to contribute the former. Let no man and no woman, in this crisis of their nation's fate, through indolence, greed, avarice, or selfishness, fail. And if they do their part, then, when the time comes for the triumphal march through the darkness and the terror of night into the bright dawn of the morning of the new age, they will each feel that they have their share in it.

SACRIFICE AT HOME.

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECH ON THE COUNTRY'S FOOD SUPPLIES,
DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FEBRUARY 23RD,
1917.

IF all this programme is carried out; if all those who can help us with production do help; if all those who are called upon to suffer restrictions and limitations will suffer without complaint, then honestly I say we can face the worst that the enemy can do—the worst! And that is what we ought to be prepared for. If we are not,—if it were conceivable that the nation was not prepared to do and endure all these things,—then I say with all solemnity I do not know the body of honourable men who would undertake for one hour to be responsible for the conduct of this terrible war. It is essential. There are millions of gallant young men in France, in Salonika, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, facing torture, terror, death. They are the flower of our race. Unless the nation at home is prepared to take its share of the sacrifice, theirs would be in vain, and I say it would be a crime—a black crime—for any Government to ask them to risk their brave lives in the coming conflict if they knew that the nation behind them were faint-hearted or selfish. Their sacrifice would be thrown away. We have no right to ask it. For

that reason I have come down, after long deliberation and thought, careful and searching, on behalf of the Government of this country to submit to the House of Commons, and through the House of Commons to the nation, proposals which I hope the Commons will approve, and which I hope the nation will carry out with an unflinching and an ungrudging heart.

“SOWING THE WINTER WHEAT.”

SPEECH DELIVERED AT CARNARVON, TO A MEETING OF CONSTITUENTS, AFTER BECOMING PRIME MINISTER, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1917.

THIS is a strictly non-party gathering, and I wish to emphasise that aspect of it, because, whatever our views may be on the political questions which divide us in times of peace, there can be but one opinion about the desirability of our sinking all our differences in order to unite for the paramount national duty of carrying through to victory the great cause which this country has championed with its blood.

The National Government.

Two great men have spoken this week from non-party platforms—one of them the eminent statesman who has taken charge in this trying hour of the important office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and whose brilliant memorandum attached to the Allied reply to America is one of the most striking documents of the war; the other the distinguished leader of the Liberal Party—both of them appealing to the nation to sink differences and disputes, party and personal, and to unite for the common great end that the nation is

putting its strength into achieving. I have the honour of being called to the leadership of the national Government—a non-party Government, none the less a Government in which three parties are represented, and in which I am perfectly certain it is a matter of regret for every member of the three parties that the fourth has not been able to join. And although we can recognise no party during the war, the people of this country have the party habit so thoroughly ingrained in their nature that even in order to attain national unity it was desirable that the three parties should be represented in any national Government, and they are fully and substantially represented.

Labour's Part.

I am glad that, although some of my late colleagues, for reasons which I have no right to canvass, have not joined the present Government, there are just as many Liberals in the present Administration as in the old. There are Unionists and there are Labour men, and I specially congratulate the nation on the fact that Labour has finally and firmly decided to abandon its attitude of criticism and censure of Governments, as it had already abandoned long ago its attitude of blind adhesion to any party, and that it has decided to take its share in the responsibility of governing the Empire. A distinguished contribution it has already made. The statesmanship displayed by Mr. Henderson during the period in which he has

been a member of an Imperial Government has shown the value of the adhesion of Labour in the task of administering the affairs of this Empire, and I am glad that in the present Government, for the first time, Labour has a seat in the inner council that settles and decides the affairs of the country in the greatest emergency which has ever befallen it. It has twice as many representatives as it ever had in any Government before. I congratulate the country on the fact that all parties in the State—with the exception of the Irish Party, whose absence from our counsels we all regret—have united for the purpose of directing the concerns of the Empire in its hour of trial.

Treading Gladstone's Path.

The Liberal Party has special interest in the causes for which we are struggling in this great war. The principle that the rights of nations, however small, are as sacred as the rights of the biggest empire—that is the principle which I was taught as a lad among those mountains which surround us. The principle that international right is the basis of international peace—that is another. The doctrine that the Turk is incapable of governing any other race justly, and even his own race well—that is another which I was taught. I remember very well as a boy having to walk some miles to the nearest railway station in order to buy Mr. Gladstone's famous speech on the expelling of the Turk, bag and baggage, from Eu-

rope for his misrule and his massacres; and I also remember the sensation that was created by the famous speech of Mr. Gladstone on the Belgian question, when he said: “If the Belgian people desire on their own account to join France or any other country, I, for one, will be no party to taking up arms to prevent it; but that the Belgians, whether they would or not, should go plumb down the maw of another country, is another matter. The accomplishment of such a crime as this implies is coming near to the extinction of public right in Europe, and I do not think we could look on while the sacrifice of freedom and independence was in course of consummation.” The path which that great statesman hewed out in his greatest days is the one I am humbly treading in this great war. We are fighting for all that is best and highest in the principles of his great rival—the solidarity of the Empire, recognition of its influence and its power as essential instruments in the progress of the human race. We are fighting for all that is greatest and best in the career of these two great men.

“A Fair Chance.”

I recognise that the new Government is in some respects an experiment. In its size it is rather small, but you must not imagine that very small men or small Cabinets are the least efficient. In its constitution, in its composition, for the first time, at any rate on a great scale, success in busi-

ness has been placed on the same footing as success in politics as a claim to high office. I am going to ask for these men that they should have fair play. They have been treated in some quarters already as if they were mere fussers and flounders. They are men of great experience, men who have shown they possess the wisdom and judgment and the ability to make a success in their own spheres. Give them a fair chance. They have to straighten out tangles and make up many accumulated deficiencies. They have arrears to clear up. A vast amount of work has to be done, and is being done. That work will be continued. There was some bad work that will be scrapped. Where there was slack work, that will be energised, and where there was no work it will be initiated. They are not asking for a trial of two and a half years; they have not yet had two months; they have hardly had a month; they must have a fair chance to look round, to plan, to consider, and to act.

Example of Ministry of Munitions.

I have had a good deal of experience of what men of this kind can do, the great business men of this country, when you call upon them. The Mayor was good enough to refer to my work as Minister of Munitions. The only credit I take is this—that I gathered together as fine a body of men of able experience as ever came together in any Government Department, as ever existed in this or any other land. I do not pretend I did

the work. They did it. I encouraged them. I stood by them, and now and again I scolded them; but we all worked hard. I will tell you what I want to say about it, and what I am saying now is not without its relevance, and you can each apply it to everything read or heard. They had not been there a few weeks dealing with an undoubted shortage, an undoubted deficiency, together with lost opportunities, before we heard censure and criticising. Was there ever such a muddle? It was chaos, confusion, failure. Club corners, corridors, lobbies, dining-rooms, above all drawing-rooms, sizzled with whispers of the mess these great business men had made of things. They took no notice of it, and, for a wonder, nor did I. They knew they were going to confound all these things, not by speech, but by accomplishment. They knew they were not going to fail the British Army at the appointed hour. They knew the condition of things—when you had on the lines of communication (there is no harm in telling it now) and behind the front just equal to one-third of your present daily output; when the British Army had to stand in the trenches battered, hammered, shelled, without an answer, with no support. It is one of the most heroic tales in the history of that grand infantry. For a year they stood it without flinching. They never ran away. And these men worked and worked and worked because they thought the men were worth it, and the men stood there because they knew there were men behind prepared to help them.

What happened? The great battle of the Somme came. These men had mobilised the whole of the engineering resources of the country. Old workshops grew to life, new workshops were set up,—you could see them north and south, east and west, wherever you travelled—old machinery made the best of, new machinery manufactured here and also ordered in America—machinery that will revolutionise industry after the war. New industries were set up where before the war we had been dependent entirely on Germany; and we are not going to drop them after the war. And then, when the time came, there was an overflowing supply of shot and shell; batteries of the finest artillery on the battlefield of Europe to-day; guns, howitzers, machine-guns, shells of every calibre, great and small, a surplus even to assist our Allies, and after four months of incessant bombardment, night and day, there were more guns and there was more ammunition than on the first day the battle began. And yet that was accomplished by a Department which was decried and condemned as a failure within a few weeks after it had been set up, by the same men who are beginning clandestinely to do the same thing with the new Government.

“The Work of the Nation.”

I am only giving you that as a warning not to rush into premature criticism. When men are ploughing and sowing it is no use saying “Where

is the harvest?" It is enough for me to know that they are good ploughmen. They know how to handle the plough, and although they will now and again come up against a hidden boulder they will do their work, and I have very little doubt in a short time I shall be able to show to you what great things they have accomplished. They have already saved hundreds of thousands of tons of our shipping, invaluable in the face of the difficulties we have to encounter. They have arranged for the construction of hundreds of thousands of new tonnage; they have saved locomotives, wagons, and rails; they have set up a great new organisation for the production of food with branches throughout the land; they are working, and I think effectively, at the urgent problem of dealing with the piratical brutality of Germany on the seas. When necessary, in every department of Government, there is an intensification, a quickening, a new energy, a new system and method. But they must be helped; they are there not to do the work of any party, nor of any Government, and certainly not their own. They are there to do the work of the nation, which is your work and their own, and I am here to ask you to help them. Their task is the most complicated, difficult, and dangerous ever entrusted to any body of men.

"The Balkan Muddle."

I have never been a believer in concealing the realities of the situation from my fellow-country-

men. You cannot get the best out of them until they face the facts. I have never had any doubt as to ultimate victory; but neither have I had any doubt that before you reach it there are many broad and turbulent rivers to cross, and the nation—and by the nation I do not mean the Government, I mean the men and women that make up the nation,—must help us to bridge those rivers. I am not going to give a summary of the military situation. There is much in it which, of course, must necessarily cause anxiety. There is the condition of the Balkans, where, through circumstances I do not wish to discuss, one advantage after another has been thrown away. Any man who looks at the map of Europe and knows the circumstances must realise how important the Balkans must necessarily be in a survey of the whole field. It is no one's fault in particular. You cannot say that is the fault of this country or of that country, of this Government or of that Government. All the four countries have undoubtedly been to blame for the present condition of things in the Balkans; the improvident lack of vision, the lack of imagination, the lack of promptitude, the lack of decision, the delay, the hesitation—they have all combined to produce this Balkan muddle, which is the only part of the whole battlefield which for the moment need cause any anxiety to the Allies. On the Western front—both Western fronts, France and Italy,—we have driven the enemy back in battle after battle.

“*The Black Flag.*”

When you come to the sea there is much for us to glory in as a nation. After two years and a half our strength is unbroken, and not merely this country but all the countries which are in alliance with it owe a deep debt of gratitude to the skill and gallantry of our great Navy which holds the seas. But here again I must call attention to the great and to the growing menace of Germany's piratical devices. I want the nation to realise what this most recent move of Germany really portends. It is nothing new in essence; it is a development, it is an advance along the road to complete barbarism; it is casting off the last garment of civilisation; it is the Goth in his naked savagery. What more can he do? He must stand revealed now even to the most indulgent neutral. He had already sunk 570 neutral ships, I think 430 by submarines, that is deliberately, some of the crews being lost. Now he means to sink them all without warning. He will respect henceforth no flag except the black flag. I beg his pardon; he has had the graciousness to intimate as a favour to the great Republic of the West that he will allow one American passenger ship a week to ply to one British port provided it bears the mark of a Dutch paddle steamer. Was there ever such insolence? It amounts to insanity.

We can overcome it, but only if the nation is prepared to back the Government with the whole of its resources. I don't want anyone to go away

from this meeting, or to read what is said at this meeting, and draw any inference from that except one. The peril is great, but it can be surmounted by the grit, the energy, the courage, the determination of a great people like the people of these lands. But the nation must support the Government, in money, in labour, in land, in the sacrifice of conveniences, nay, of comforts; then we shall pull through in our deadly struggle with these desperadoes.

“The Prussian Baal.”

Let me make clear to you what the enemy is doing. I want the nation thoroughly to understand what it all means. He is doing it because he is getting desperate. The Prussian thoroughly understands that the resources at his disposal cannot command complete victory on land. I want you fully to appreciate what that means for him and for us. I am very glad to read what Mr. Asquith said yesterday or the day before about “peace without victory.” He was absolutely right. What would it mean? It would mean not a peace, but a rest—a rest for him and for the Central Powers, a time to recuperate from their exhausted condition. I can tell exactly what would happen without pretending to any gifts of prophecy. The military leaders of Germany would say, “We made a few mistakes at the beginning of the war, otherwise we should have rushed these nations. Next time we will repair those errors.” They

would also say, “We were done by the blockade; we were short of food and material. Next time we will accumulate a sufficient quantity of food and raw material so that the German Empire shall not have its life crushed out by a blockade.” But if we destroy the prestige of the Prussian military idol, that cannot be set up again. They could prepare swarms of submarines and aircraft in order to get over the blockade, but if they lose confidence in their army, if that is broken, it cannot be restored. The Germans put their trust in it in a way you can hardly conceive, as we all put our trust in our great Navy. But with them it is more than that; it is something that is ever pressing, it enters into the whole life of the nation, its arrogance struts through the streets. The German people fear it, and to-day are hating it. But they rely upon it. It terrorises them, but they put up with it so long as it intimidates their neighbours. It bullies them, but they bear with it so long as it enables them to bully Europe. But though they bow before it they worship it as a god.

We have to demonstrate that the Prussian Baal is a false god, that its pretensions are a sham, that its priests are a cruel fraud. We must show them that he has brought famine to their land; that he could not protect himself, let alone them. Once you do that they will tear down his altars and strike his images into the dust. It is essential that this nation, with its great Allies, should destroy the delusion of the Prussian military

power. You will then have in Europe one great emancipated land from the Ural to the Atlantic shores.

“Regardless.”

But we must have time. What is the German calculation? I will tell you what it is. They know perfectly well that, given time, the great armies of the Allies will break up their military machine with its terrors, but they know that if they destroy our transports at sea our armies will languish for lack of support and sustenance, and our people will die of hunger; we cannot keep up our armies in the East and the West, and the barbarian hordes of Turkey will have our Eastern Empire at their mercy. You must not merely see that this does not happen. You must demonstrate to them that it cannot happen. You must make it clear to them that they cannot do it. You will get peace in 1917 if the enemy knows that by holding out until 1918 he will be worse and not better off. That is what he is working for, and I want you to understand it—the destruction of all access to our shores. For that purpose he is defying every law, human and Divine. You saw what the German Chancellor said in his speech which was reported either to-day or yesterday. He called it the “U-boat campaign regardless.” So it is; regardless of the good will of the world, regardless of honour, regardless of fair play, regardless of humanity. They care for nothing, and he said so, as long as they can win; and we must see

by our own efforts that that policy, which degrades Europe, the success of which would put civilisation back untold centuries, cannot and will not triumph.

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The Imperial Conference.

We want to utilise far more than we have done in the past the great resources of the Empire. The contribution of the Dominions and of India has been splendid. The assistance they have given us in the most trying hours of this campaign has been incalculable in its value. But, after all, it is an Empire of 300 millions of population, and it can do far more, and it will do it. It is purely a question of indicating what can be done, and with that object in view a meeting of the Imperial Conference will be held in the course of the next few weeks in London, at which the Dominions and India will be represented. It will be the first Imperial Cabinet ever held. After all, it is right when they are making sacrifices that they should be consulted as to the use which is to be made of their endeavours as well as of our own. The question of the conquered German territories will be considered, among others. It is unthinkable that their disposition after the war should be determined without consulting the Dominions, since they have shed their blood in acquiring them. It is also unthinkable that the question should be settled without the Dominions taking their share

of the responsibility of considering this issue, not as a separate one, but as part of the settlement—the whole settlement—of the great world-problems which must inevitably follow the end of this world-war. Their presence at this Conference, or rather Cabinet, is essential in order that they should share with us the anxious burden of considering not merely a part, however important, but all the factors in a cause for which their sons so freely sacrificed their lives.

“We Must Endure More.”

But I want to get nearer home, and I want to tell you what you can do. We can do nothing unless the nation is prepared to back us up, and if you will allow me I am going to speak quite frankly. I certainly should not be worthy of the position which I hold unless I talked quite openly, quite fearlessly, to the nation. The nation has done great things; it can do more. No great ends have ever been achieved in this world without great sacrifices, and they must not be confined to one class or one section of the community. We must not choose able-bodied men between eighteen and forty-one who do not happen to be indispensable to a business and say the sacrifice is theirs—we must not choose them to bear the burden of sacrifice and the rest go free. We must all share in it. There is no belligerent country in Europe on either side where the general public have suffered less than in Great Britain. There are ex-

ceptions, but they are small. There are certain professions which have suffered severely from the war, and let me say this for them: they are just the professions from which you never hear a growl; they are the most patriotic. But with these exceptions the general community has not suffered in this country anything which is comparable to what it has suffered in other belligerent lands.

To win the war we must endure more. The sacrifice has been delegated too much to the men in the trenches; the privations have been endured by the men in the trenches. Nobly, heroically, they faced them, and we must all be prepared to give up something for the victory of our native land and the cause for which it stands. And may I say to those whom I have heard complaining about little inconveniences and little discomforts that the first thing we have to give up is to give up grumbling. The vast majority are only too anxious to help, and the grumblers, fortunately, are few. What people want to know is how they can help, and it is the business of the Government to indicate how they can. The first thing is: Out with your ready cash, or even with unready cash. It is indispensable in order to carry on the war. I have not merely been in two spending Departments, but I have been in the Department which provides the money, so I know the problem from both sides. You must have silver bullets or golden bullets. Those who cannot afford the gold, let them produce the silver.

"Don't Let Them Down!"

There is great fighting in front of us. Our gallant soldiers will do their duty. There are men every day and every night who are going down to the sea in ships to defend our shores and the access to our shores, and our gallant sailors will not finish, whatever danger the deep may conceal for them. But I do beg for our sailors and our soldiers, don't let them down in the hour of battle. Support them with all we can and all we have. A big loan will shorten the war; a big number of subscribers will shorten it further. If you cannot give much, give what you can. It will swell the number of subscribers, it will encourage the Army, it will discourage the foe. Let the Army at the front know that at home there is an army behind the Army; and every man who has anything to give, I ask him to enlist in that army in order to do his share and to contribute his help to the winning of the war.

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"Enlist Time."

There must be no hanging back, there must be no loitering, there must be no lingering. Time is a hesitating and perplexed neutral. He has not yet decided on which side he is going to swing his terrible scythe. For the moment that scythe is striking both sides with terrible havoc. The hour will come when it will be swung finally

on one side or the other. Time is the deadliest of all the neutral powers. Let us see that we enlist him among our Allies. The only way to win time is not to lose time. You must not lose time in the council chamber; you must not lose time in the departments which carry out the decrees of the council; you must not lose time in the field, in the factory, or in the workshop. Whoever tarries when he ought to be active—whether it is a statesman, a soldier, an official, a farmer, a worker, a rich man with his money—is simply helping the enemy to secure the aid of the most powerful factor in this war—time. Act and act in time. That is our appeal to you.

“*A New Country.*”

In conclusion I would sum up the appeal which I am making to you in the Carnarvon Boroughs, men and women, and through you to the men and women of this land. Do these things for the sake of your country during the war. Do them for the sake of your country after the war. When the smoke of this great conflict has been dissolved in the atmosphere we breathe, there will reappear a new Britain. It will be the old country still, but it will be a new country. Its commerce will be new, its trade will be new, its industries will be new. There will be new conditions of life and of toil, for capital and for labour alike, and there will be new relations between both of them and for ever. But there will be new ideas, there will

be a new outlook, there will be a new character in the land. The men and women of this country will be burnt into fine building material for the new Britain in the fiery kilns of the war. It will not merely be the millions of men who, please God! will come back from the battlefield to enjoy the victory which they have won by their bravery. A finer foundation I would not want for the new country; but it will not be merely that. The Britain that is to be will depend also upon what will be done now by the many more millions who remain at home.

There are rare epochs in the history of the world when in a few raging years the character, the destiny, of the whole race is determined for unknown ages. This is one. The winter wheat is being sown. It is better, it is surer, it is more bountiful in its harvest than when it is sown in the soft springtime. There are many storms to pass through, there are many frosts to endure, before the land brings forth its green promise. But let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

THE ENTRY OF AMERICA INTO THE WAR.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE AMERICAN LUNCHEON CLUB
(SAVOY HOTEL), APRIL 12TH, 1917.

I AM in the happy position, I think, of being the first British Minister of the Crown who, speaking on behalf of the people of this country, can salute the American nation as comrades in arms. I am glad. I am proud. I am glad not merely because of the stupendous resources which this great nation can bring to the succour of the Alliance, but I rejoice as a Democrat that the advent of the United States into this war gives the final stamp and seal to the character of the conflict as a struggle against military autocracy throughout the world.

“A Fight for Human Liberty.”

That was the note that rang through the great deliverance of President Wilson. It was echoed in your resounding words to-day, Sir. The United States of America have a noble tradition, never broken, of having never engaged in a war except for liberty, and this is the greatest struggle for liberty they have ever embarked upon. I am not at all surprised, when one recol-

lects the wars of the past, that America took its time to make up its mind about the character of this struggle. In Europe most of the great wars of the past were waged for dynastic aggrandisements and for conquest. No wonder that when this great war started there were some elements of suspicion still lurking in the minds of the people of the United States of America. There were many who thought, perhaps, that kings were at their old tricks, and although they saw the gallant Republic of France fighting, some of them perhaps, regarded France as the poor victim of conspiracy and of monarchical swashbucklers. The fact that the United States of America has made up its mind finally makes it abundantly clear to the world that this is no struggle of that character, but a great fight for human liberty.

The Prussian Military Caste.

They naturally did not know at first what we had endured in Europe for years from this military caste in Prussia. It never reached as far as the United States of America. Prussia is not a democracy, but the Kaiser promises it will be a democracy after the war. I think he is right. But Prussia not merely was not a democracy; Prussia was not a State. Prussia was an army. It had great industries, highly developed. It had a great educational system. It had its universities. It developed its sciences. But all these were subordinate to the one great predominant

purpose of an all-conquering army which was to intimidate the world. The army was the spear-point of Prussia; the rest was merely the shaft.

That is what we had to deal with in these old countries. It got on the nerves of Europe. We knew what it all meant. The Prussian Army in recent times had waged three wars—all for conquest. And the incessant tramping of its legions through the streets of Prussia and on the parade grounds of Prussia had got into the Prussian head. The Kaiser, when he witnessed it on a grand scale in his reviews, got drunk with the sound of it. He delivered the law to the world, as though Potsdam were a new Sinai and he were uttering the law from the thundercloud. But make no mistake; Europe was uneasy. Europe was half intimidated; Europe was anxious; Europe was apprehensive. We knew the whole time what it meant. What we did not know was the moment it would come. This is the menace, this is the oppression, from which Europe has suffered for fifty years. It paralysed the beneficent activities of all States, which ought to have been devoted to, and concentrated upon, the well-being of their people. They had to think about this menace, which was there constantly as a cloud, ready to burst over the land.

Take France. No one can tell except the Frenchman what they endured from this tyranny, patiently, gallantly, with dignity, until the hour of deliverance came. The best energies in democratic France have been devoted to defence

against the impending terror. France was like a nation which had put up its right arm to ward off a blow, and it could not use the whole of its strength for the great things France was capable of. That great, bold, imaginative, fertile mind, which would otherwise have been cleaving new paths of progress, was paralysed. This was the state of things we had to encounter.

“The Hindenburg Line.”

The most characteristic of all Prussian institutions is the Hindenburg line. What is the Hindenburg line? The Hindenburg line is a line drawn in the territories of other people with a warning that the inhabitants of those territories shall not cross it at the peril of their lives. That line has been drawn in Europe for fifty years in many lands. You recollect what happened some years ago in France when the French Foreign Minister was practically driven out of office by Prussian interference. Why? What had he done? He had done nothing that the Minister of an independent State had not the most absolute right to do. He crossed that imaginary line drawn in French territory by Prussian despotism, and he had to leave.

Europe, after enduring this for generations, made up its mind at last that the Hindenburg line must be drawn along the legitimate frontiers of Germany herself. It has been an undoubted fight for the emancipation of Europe and the

emancipation of the world. It was hard at first for the people of America quite to appreciate that. Germany had not interfered to the same extent with their freedom, if at all. But at last she has endured the same experience to which Europe has been subjected. Americans were told they were not to be allowed to cross and recross the Atlantic except at their peril. American ships were sunk without warning. American subjects were drowned with hardly an apology, in fact as a matter of German right. At first America could hardly believe it. They could not think it possible that any sane people could behave in that manner. And they tolerated it once, they tolerated it twice, until at last it became clear that the Germans really meant it. The Hindenburg line was drawn along the shores of America, and Americans were told they must not cross it. America said, "What is this?" and was told that this was a line beyond which they must not go. Then America acted, and acted promptly. America said, "The place for that line is not the Atlantic, but on the Rhine, and we mean to help you to roll it up." And they have started.

The Inspiration of Freedom.

There are two great facts which clinch the argument that this is a great struggle for freedom. The first is the fact that America has come in. She could not have done otherwise. The second is the Russian Revolution. When France

in the eighteenth century sent her soldiers to America to fight for the freedom and independence of that land France also was an autocracy. But when the Frenchmen were in America their aim was freedom, their atmosphere was freedom, and their inspiration was freedom. They acquired a taste for freedom and they took it home, and France became free. That is the story of Russia. Russia engaged in this great war for the freedom of Serbia, of Montenegro, and Bulgaria. Russians have fought for the freedom of Europe, and they wanted to make their own country free. They have done it. The Russian Revolution is not merely the outcome of the struggle for freedom. It is a proof of its character as a struggle for liberty. And if the Russian people realise, as there is evidence they are doing, that national discipline is not incompatible with national freedom, and know that national discipline is essential to the security of national freedom, they will indeed become a free people.

I have been asking myself the question, Why is it that Germany deliberately in the third year of the war provoked America to this declaration, and to this action? Deliberately! Yes; resolutely! It has been suggested that the reason was that there were certain elements in American life which Germany was under the impression would make it impossible for the United States to declare war. That I can hardly believe; but the answer has been afforded by General Hindenburg himself in the very remarkable interview which

appears, I think, this morning in the Press. He depended clearly on one of two things—that the submarine campaign would have destroyed international shipping to such an extent that England would have been put out of business before America was ready. According to his computation, America would not be ready for twelve months. He does not know America. Then alternatively, and when America was ready at the end of twelve months with her army, she would have no ships to transport that army to the field of battle. In Hindenburg's words, "America carries no weight." I suppose he means that she has no ships to carry it in!

"Ships!"

Well, it is not wise always to assume, even when the German General Staff has miscalculated, that they have had no ground for their calculation; and therefore it behooves the whole of the Allies—Britain and America in particular—to see that that reckoning of Von Hindenburg is as false as the one he made about the famous line which we have already broken. The road to victory, the guarantee of victory, the absolute assurance of victory, is to be found in one word—ships! In a second word—ships! In a third word—ships! I see that America, with that quickness of comprehension which characterises your nation, fully realises that, and to-day I observe that they have already made an arrangement to build a thousand

3,000-tonners for the Atlantic. I think that the German military advisers must already begin to realise that this is another of the tragic miscalculations which is going to lead them to disaster and to ruin.

America to Study Our Blunders.

But you will pardon me for just emphasising that we are a slow people in these islands. Yes, but sure! Slowly, blunderingly we go; but we get there. You get there sooner, and that is why I am glad to see you in. But may I say we have been in this business for three years. We have made blunders; we generally do; we have tried every blunder. In golfing phraseology we have gone through every bunker; but we have a good niblick stroke, and we are now right out on the course. May I respectfully suggest that it is worth America's while to study our blunders so as to begin just where we are now—not where we were three years ago. That is an advantage in war time, and if taken to-day may lead to assured victory, but taken to-morrow may barely avert disaster. All the Allies have discovered that. It was a new country for us all. It was trackless, mapless; we had to go by instinct, but we found the way. I am glad that you are sending your great naval and military experts here just to exchange experiences with men who have been through all the dreary, anxious course of the last three years.

“What America Can Do.”

America has helped us even to win the battle of Arras—this great battle. Those guns which destroyed the German trenches and shattered the barbed wire—I remember with some friends of mine I see here discussing the matter and arranging to order from America the machines to make those guns. Not all! You did your share; it was only a share, but it is a glorious one. America has been making guns, making munitions, making machinery to prepare both, supplying us with steel, and she has all that organisation, that wonderful facility, adaptability, and resourcefulness of the great people who inhabit that great continent. Ah! it was a bad day for military autocracy in Prussia when she challenged the great Republic of the West. We know what America can do; and we also know that now she is in it she will do it. She will wage an effective and successful war.

There is something more important. She will ensure a beneficent peace. I am the last man in the world—knowing for three years what our difficulties have been, what our anxieties have been, what our fears have been—to deny that the succour which is given us from America is something to rejoice in, and rejoice greatly in; but I do not mind telling you that I rejoice even more in the knowledge that America is going to win her right to be at the conference table when the terms of peace are being discussed. That conference

will settle the destiny of nations, the course of human life, for God knows how many ages. It would have been a tragedy for mankind if America had not been there, and there with all the influence, and the power, and the right which she has now won by flinging herself into this great struggle.

“The Peace of Democracy.”

I can see peace coming now—not a peace which would be a beginning of war, not a peace which would be an endless preparation for strife and bloodshed, but a real peace. The world is an old world which has never had peace. It has been rocking, swaying, like the ocean, and Europe—poor Europe—has always lived under the menace of the sword. When this war began two-thirds of Europe was under autocratic rule. It is the other way about now, and democracy means peace. The democracy of France did not want war. The democracy of Italy hesitated long before entering the war. The democracy of this country shrank from it and shuddered, and would never have entered that cauldron if it had not been for the invasion of Belgium. Democracy sought peace, strove for peace, and if Prussia had been a democracy there would have been no war.

But strange things have happened in this war, and stranger things are to come—and they are coming rapidly. There are times in history when the world spins so leisurely along its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a stand-

still. There are also times when it rushes along at a giddy pace, covering the track of centuries in a year. These are the times we are living in now. Six weeks ago Russia was an autocracy. She is now one of the most advanced democracies in the world. To-day we are waging the most devastating war that the world has even seen. To-morrow—not perhaps a distant to-morrow—war may be abolished for ever from the categories of human crimes. This may be something like that fierce outburst of winter which we are now witnessing before the complete triumph of spring.

“With the Dawn.”

It was written of those gallant men who won that victory on Monday—men from Canada, from Australia, and from this old country which has proved that in spite of its age it is not decrepit—it was written of those gallant men that they attacked with the dawn. Fitting work for the dawn to drive out of forty miles of French soil those miscreants who had defiled it for nearly three years. They attacked with the dawn. It is a significant phrase. The breaking up of the dark rule of the Turk, which for centuries has clouded the sunniest lands in the world, the freeing of Russia from the oppression which has covered it like a cloud for so long, the great declaration of President Wilson, coming with the might of the great nation he represents in the struggle for liberty, are heralds of the dawn.

“They attacked with the dawn”; and those men are marching forward in the full radiance of that dawn, and soon Frenchmen and Americans, British, Italians, and Russians, yea, Serbians, Belgians, Montenegrins, and Rumanians, will march into the full light of perfect day.

THE WAR AND THE EMPIRE.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE GUILDHALL,
ON BEING PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF
LONDON, APRIL 27TH, 1917.

I THANK the City of London, not merely for this great personal distinction which has been conferred upon me, but as the head of the Government in the greatest trial which a nation can pass through. I thank the City of London for its services to the nation during that period. I have had three years' experience in various offices in this war. I have always received the readiest and most patriotic support from the City. Not merely in money, but in men, have they contributed to the help of the country in this great war. You, Sir, referred in your kind and flattering observations to what occurred at the beginning of this war, when there was something in the nature of a financial panic, and when the whole complicated and apparently flimsy structure of credit seemed to have been shattered by one blow. We shall never forget those days. They were days of panic. There was something for the moment like consternation, stupefaction. But British credit survived that blow, in spite of many predictions to the contrary. And the City of London took an

honourable and leading part in the promotion of that last loan, which was the most remarkable financial exploit that has ever been witnessed in the history of the world.

The Turning of the Tide.

You referred also to the part I took in organising the resources of the country for the equipment of our armies in the field with the necessary material to give them, at any rate, a fair chance in the fight. You remember the dark and dreary time when our gallant fellows in shattered trenches had night and day to endure the mockery of the slaughtering tongues of the German cannon. And how they stood it! The way in which the British infantry stood the guns of Napoleon for one day is one of the epics of military history. Their descendants stood greater guns for days and nights and weeks and months, and never flinched. It is one of the greatest stories in the world, how they were never broken, and it is only those who met them and talked with them who can realise what they endured. Our gratitude goes for ever to them. And, let me say here, our gratitude ought to go to that brave little man who led them through all those trying months under very great difficulties, and was never beaten, and never lost heart—Lord French.

When I took the job in hand of organising the resources of this country, I did it in order to give those brave men a real chance in the fight. And,

thank God, they have got it. The tide has changed, thanks to the efforts put forth by the manufacturers of the country, the workmen of the country, and, let us not forget, by the women—the hundreds of thousands of women who flocked to the factories and asked what they could do to help their gallant kinsmen in the field. They have done it, and the story now is a very different one.

There is no better test of victory than guns and prisoners. Before June, 1915, we had lost 84 guns and a very considerable number of prisoners, and we had captured, so far as I can recollect, not one gun. Since that date we have not lost one, and we have captured 400, and when you come to the tale of prisoners, we have captured ten at least for every one. The tide has changed; our victory is becoming increasingly assured. Take, if you like, the difference between the Battle of the Somme and the last great battle, around Vimy Ridge. The Vimy Ridge had cost the French enormous losses. In spite of untold gallantry, they had only secured part of it. Entirely owing to the fact that we have superior equipment—and I have always said that better guns and more shells meant saving life, and this is the proof of it—we captured the whole of the Vimy Ridge, with about 200 guns, at something like one-fifth of what it cost the French Army in the days of inferior equipment to attack it and fail to capture it.

Take the first 18 days of the Battle of the Somme and the first 18 days of this battle. I have just had these figures. In the first 18 days of the

Battle of the Somme we captured 11,000 prisoners and 54 guns. In the first 18 days of the Battle of Arras we captured 18,000 prisoners and 230 guns. We have gained four times as much ground, and our losses are exactly one-half.

I will tell you what that means. It means not merely ultimate victory, but it means that victory is going to be won at less cost, and that the chances are growing as our equipment is improving. The Germans know it, and that is the explanation of the despair which has driven them to black piracy on the high seas. That is the next job we have to face, and we mean to do it. They mean to make the sea absolutely impassable for any craft. It is essential to victory for them that they should do it. It is equally essential for victory for us that they should fail. That is the proposition with which we are confronted.

What is our minimum problem? To feed a population of forty-five millions in a country which is not self-supporting, to provide the necessary raw material and food to equip and feed our armies, and to keep the sea free for the transport of troops and their equipment for ourselves and our Allies—all that has to be done against a swarm of pirates, moving unseen under the trackless seas. Do not let us minimise the problem. Unless we thoroughly appreciate its gravity we shall not put our strength, our full strength, into dealing with it. It is the greatest attack ever directed against our existence.

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The Future of Politics.

The future of this country depends upon how much the politicians have learnt. I have heard of politicians who think that when the war is over the same old machinery will be set up, the same old methods applied, and the same old notions adhered to. People who do not know politicians think of them as wild revolutionaries. The wildest revolutionary is the most reactionary person in the world.

There used to be two parties in this country. Before the war there were five, absolutely independent of each other. The people are discovering that no party had a monopoly of wisdom, that not even the five parties together were the sole repositories of political sagacity, and that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in the philosophy of any one, two, or five of these parties. That is one of the revelations which we have seen in the lurid fires of this war. We have been driven to do things in this war that no party ever thought of. There is no party that does not admit that these things were absolutely necessary to save the country.

When the war is over and reconstruction begins, I hope and trust and pray that we are not going to dive into the pigeon-holes of any party for dust-laden precedents and programmes. Let us think out the best methods for ourselves in the face of seaching facts we knew not of before the war. We are a thousand years older and wiser.

The experience of generations has been crowded into just a few winters, and we should indeed be unworthy of the great destiny to which Providence has called this generation of men if we threw all that away for the sake of any formulas that were framed before the Flood. There is no part of the whole sphere of statesmanship where there is a greater need for us to revise our ideas than in our attitude towards that great commonwealth of nations which is known as the British Empire. In the past we treated it as an abstraction—a glorious abstraction, but an abstraction. The war has shown us, all of us, that the British Empire is a fact, nay, a factor, the most potent factor to-day in the struggle for human liberty.

We sent a hundred thousand men to France in August, 1914. They turned the tide of history. The Dominions and the great Empire of India have contributed one million men. That has transformed our ideas as to the reality and the beneficence of the British Empire. The world cannot afford to let it dissolve. But the choice must be between immediate concentration and ultimate dissolution. We can never let things remain where they were. It may be said that the shadowy character of the relations between us and the Dominions and the great territories of the East have produced this real cohesion. That was all very well before they made great sacrifices. They have established claims now to a real partnership. Henceforth effective consultation must be the only basis of co-operation. If our action brings them

into trouble, as it has, costing them myriads of precious lives, they must henceforth be consulted beforehand.

Methods must be carefully considered. The whirl of a great war is not the best time for thinking out perhaps new Constitutions, but our Councils of Empire must at any rate be a reality. The Imperial War Cabinet, the first ever held, has been a demonstration of the value of these councils. Our colleagues from the Dominions and from the great Empire of India have not taken part, believe me, in a formal conference to carry resolutions. They have had a real share in our councils and in our decisions, and they have been a great source of strength and wisdom to our deliberations. They have come there with fresh minds. They have viewed this world-conflict from, as it were, different peaks. Minds running the same course for a long time are apt to get rutty, and the weightier the minds the deeper the ruts. You require fresh minds to lift the cart out of those worn furrows, and we have had them. We have had war decisions of the most far-reaching character, in which our colleagues from beyond the seas have assisted us. These great problems in regard to submarines, shipping, and food, as well as our military decisions, have all come for review at councils in which they have taken part.

But we must do more. I feel that this experiment must be incorporated in the fabric of the Empire. We have been taught by the war the real value of the Empire as a world-force, and one of

the first duties of statesmanship in the future will be to take all measures which are necessary to aid in the development of the stupendous resources of the Empire. That ought to be our special care, our special pride, as it undoubtedly would be our special security. We want to develop the lands under the Flag. If fifty years ago we had directed our minds and our power and our influence to that end, you would now have had double the population you have got in these Dominions, by diverting the tide of emigration to British Dominions instead of other lands, and you would have attracted the virile populations of Europe in addition to that.

In the future we have decided that it is the business of statesmanship in Great Britain, as well as in the lands beyond the seas, to knit the Empire together in closer bonds of interest, of trade, of commerce, of business, and of general intercourse in affairs.

We have given grave consideration to this problem, and have decided that in order to develop these enormous territories in future it is necessary that exceptional encouragement should be given to the products of each part of the Empire. We believe that a system of preference can be established which will not involve the imposition of burdens upon food. We believe that it can be done without that, and, of course, with food at its scarcest and at its dearest, this is not the time to talk about putting additional burdens on food. But for purposes of preference that would not be

essential. You can secure that by other means, and more particularly by taking measures which other lands have taken for improving the communications between one part of their dominions and another. By these means the products of one country inside this great Imperial Commonwealth can be brought more freely, readily, and economically to the markets of the others.

This great Empire has infinite resources in wealth, in minerals, in food products, in timber, and in every commodity needful for man, and it is obviously to the advantage, not merely of the particular countries where these products come from, but of every other part of the Empire, including the United Kingdom, that these commodities should be developed to the utmost. It enriches, it strengthens, and it binds together the Empire as a whole.

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Therefore I say to Britain, she has faced the problems of war with a courage that has amazed the world; she must face the problems of peace in the same great spirit.

RESTATEMENT OF THE CAUSES AND AIMS OF THE WAR.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT GLASGOW, ON BE-
ING PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THAT CITY, JUNE
29TH, 1917.

It is a satisfaction for Britain in these terrible times that no share of the responsibility for these events rests on her. She is not the Jonah in this storm. The part taken by our country in this conflict, in its origin and in its conduct, has been as honourable and chivalrous as any part ever taken in any country in any operation. We might imagine from declarations which were made by the Germans, aye, and even by a few people in this country who are constantly referring to "our German comrades," that this terrible war was wantonly and wickedly provoked by England—never Scotland, never Wales, and never Ireland—wantonly provoked by England to increase her possessions and to destroy the influence, the power, and the prosperity of a dangerous rival. There never was a more foolish travesty of the actual facts. It happened three years ago, or less, but there have been so many bewildering events crowded into those intervening years that some people might have forgotten, perhaps, some of the

essential facts, and it is essential that we should now and again restate them, not merely to refute the calumniators of our native land, but in order to sustain the hearts of her people by the unswerving conviction that no part of the guilt of this terrible bloodshed rests upon their conscience.

Britain the Last to Enter the War.

What are the main facts? There were six countries which entered the war at the beginning. Britain was the last, not the first. Before she entered the war Britain made every effort to avoid it, begged, supplicated, and entreated that there should be no conflict. I was a member of the Cabinet at the time, and I remember the earnest endeavours we made to persuade Germany and Austria not to precipitate Europe into this welter of blood. We begged them to summon a European conference. Had that conference met, arguments against provoking such a catastrophe were so overwhelming that there would never have been a war. Germany knew that, so she rejected the conference. Although Austria was prepared to accept it, she suddenly declared war, and yet we are the people who wantonly provoked this war in order to attack Germany! We begged Germany not to attack Belgium, and produced a treaty signed by the King of Prussia, as well as the King of England, pledging himself to protect Belgium against an invader, and we said, "If you invade Belgium we shall have no alterna-

tive but to defend it." The enemy invaded Belgium, and now they say, "Why, forsooth, you, England, provoked this war." It is not quite the story of the wolf and the lamb. I will tell you why: because Germany expected to find a lamb and found a lion. So much for our responsibility for war, and it is necessary that the facts should be stated and restated, because we want to carry on this war with a pure, clear conscience to the end.

The Military Situation.

But you will ask me what progress are we making with the war, and I mean to tell you my view of that. I am steeped every day—morning, noon, and night—in the perplexities and difficulties and the anxieties of this grim business, but all the same I feel confident. The difficulties are there to be overcome, the anxieties to be faced, the disappointments to be persevered through. What is the present military position? No doubt, startling events in Russia modified the military situation this year temporarily to our disadvantage, but permanently for the better. What has happened recently on both the Western fronts shows what could have been accomplished this year, if all the Allied forces had been ready to bring an all-round pressure to bear. In training, in experience, in equipment, our Army is infinitely better than it has ever been. The Lord Provost has referred to the munitions work of this country. The finest collection of trench-pounding machinery which any

army has ever seen is now in the possession of the British forces. You have only to look at what happened at the Vimy and Messines Ridges. Fortifications which had defined the power of the British and French armies for two or three years were swept away by our great attack, and by the gallant onslaught of our Allies. The valour of the French troops against the dense hordes of German troops must have impressed all as a conspicuous example of what that great nation is capable of; and there are the brilliant achievements of our Italian comrades, who with dash, courage, and skill storm great Alpine heights in the teeth of those legions of Austria.

The Russian Situation.

We have demonstrated the superiority of the Allied armies in all these great conflicts, but no doubt for the moment the difficulty we have to deal with is that the internal distractions in Russia have robbed the Russian Army of the power to put forth the whole of its strength. Broken divisions from the West have been taken to the East and fresh divisions from the East have been brought back to the West, and the same thing applies to the German and the Austrian artillery. The Russian Revolution, beneficent as it undoubtedly is and undoubtedly great as will be its results both this year and even more hereafter, has had the effect of postponing a complete victory. Revolution is a fever brought about by the

constant and reckless disregard of the laws of health in the government of a country. While it is on, the strength of a country is diverted to the internal conflict which is raging in its blood, and it is naturally not so effective for external use during that period. The patient takes some time to recover his normal temperature, but when he begins to recover, if his constitution is good—and the Russian nation has as fine a constitution as any nation ever possessed—then he will regain it straight at a bound, and be mightier and more formidable than ever. That is the case in Russia. Although this distraction has had the effect of postponing complete victory, it has made victory more sure than ever, more complete than ever. What is more important, it has made surer than ever the quality of the victory we shall gain.

What do I mean when I say it has ensured a better quality of victory? I will tell you, because that is important. There were many of us whose hearts were filled with gloomy anxiety when we contemplated all the prospects of a great peace conference summoned to settle the future of democracy with one of the most powerful partners at that table the most reactionary autocracy in the world. I remember very well discussing the very point with one of the greatest of French statesmen, and he had great misgivings about what would happen. Now Russia is unshackled, Russia is free, and the representatives of Russia at the Peace Congress will be representatives of a free people fighting for freedom, arranging the

future of democracy on the lines of freedom. That is what I mean when I say that not merely will the Russian Revolution ensure more complete victory, it will ensure victory more exalted than any one could have contemplated before.

I ventured in August, 1915, to launch into the realms of prophecy. It was rather a dangerous thing to do, but if you will allow me I will quote what I said then about Russia. I referred to the great Russian defeat by the German forces. The Russian armies were broken, the Russian armies were in full retreat, and things looked darker than they had ever done in the whole course of the war. "The Eastern sky is dark and lowering, the stars have been clouded over. I regard the stormy horizon with anxiety but with no dread. To-day I can see the colour of a new hope beginning to empurple the sky. The enemy in their victorious march know not what they are doing. Let them beware, for they are unshackling Russia. With their monster artillery they are shattering the rusty bars that fettered the strength of the people of Russia. You can see them shaking their powerful limbs free from the stifling *débris*, and preparing for the conflict with a new spirit. They [the Germans] are hammering a sword that will destroy them and freeing a great nation to wield it with a more potent stroke and a mightier sweep than it ever yet commanded."

That little speech got me into trouble with the Russian Court, but it is exactly what has happened. That was the beginning of the end of au-

tocracy, and Russia and the Russian people felt that the system which had brought such disaster upon them could not be safely entrusted in future with the honour of that great nation. Russia is now free, Russia is now unfettered, and when the distractions have passed away, Russia will be more powerful, Russia will be more formidable than ever, because in future the whole of her power will be cast on the side of liberty and democracy, and not of autocracy.

The Burden Cast Upon the Other Allies.

Meanwhile, France, Italy, and ourselves have to bear the greatest share of the burden, and I should like to say to those who hailed the Russian Revolution with delight as well as condemning and doing their best to thwart the military efforts of their own country, that but for these military efforts the Russian Revolution would have had no chance to fructify. What would have happened if we had not been ready, if we had not had this great Army prepared, if we had not possessed such enormous equipment? I will tell you what would have happened. Germany would have concentrated one desperate effort to overwhelm free democracy in France while Russia was engaged in the troubles of her revolution, and while the new democracy was arising in the East, the old democracy in the West, the great old democracy of France, would have been strangled. How long do you think the new democracy, the

new democracy of the East, would have survived it? Not long, and you would have had one great outstanding military autocracy in Europe governing from the East to the West, and only these little islands standing between the world and disaster.

I would counsel those who criticise the measures we have taken to mobilise the strength of this country—strong measures, ruthless measures if you will, interfering measures if you will, but measures which will accomplish their purpose—to dwell upon the catastrophe that would have befallen the free democracies throughout the world if we had not done so. It was Britain, the strength of Britain flung into the breach, that once more saved Europe and human liberties. Even during the last few weeks, when Russia was not ready, we defeated the German Army at its strongest, and at its boastfulest. Now Russia is gaining strength every day; it has a capable, strong Government of able, patriotic men guiding its destinies. Russia never had a better Government than the men who are now wielding the power, and her armies will fight henceforth with that power which is inspired by freedom.

And America—always the mainstay and the hope of freedom—America, who never engaged in a war yet except for freedom—America is beginning to send her valiant sons to the battlefields of Europe to fight around the standards of liberty. That is why I say that although victory may have been postponed by the events of the last few

months in Russia, victory will be more complete, victory will be on higher lines, than ever we could have hoped.

The Conditions of Victory.

It is assured, under two conditions: the first is that the submarine attack must be defeated, or kept within reasonable bounds. They may, and probably will, drive us to further restrictions in some trades, perhaps to hardships, but all depends on the nation, for after carefully reckoning the chances, the probabilities, the Government have come to the conclusion, on the best advice that we can seek, that submarines can neither starve us at home nor drive our armies out of the field abroad. In the words of the song we had at the beginning, despite the worst they can do, "Britain will rule the waves" through the war and after the war. Our losses in May and June were heavy, but they were hundreds of thousands of tons beneath the Admiralty forecast of what they would be. We are beginning to get them. The arrangements that have been made for frustrating them and for destroying them are improving, and I have no hesitation in saying that if we all do our part the German submarine will be almost as great a failure as the German Zep-pelin.

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What is the next condition? The *moral* of the nation must be kept up; that is essential. Our

Army is great, and the Army now is the people. There is hardly a household which has not contributed to the Army. It is a sample of the people God planted in these islands. We can view with pride the achievements of our Army. I am not afraid of the Army, but take care that the spirit of the people behind them is as good as that of the Army; if not, it affects the Army. I met a young fellow who had been in the fighting at Vimy and at Arras, and he said: "We came back, and we were all so cheerful. We saw the Huns running for four or five miles before British bayonets. We stormed positions that defied armies for two or three years, and we were so cheerful when we came back. Then we picked up the papers full of grumblings and groushings from England." His conclusion was a memorable one: "You will never give us a chance of being cheerful." That is not fair to the Army. After all, everybody is doing his best within human limitations—generals, officers, soldiers, admirals, sailors, officials, employers, workmen, yea, Ministers of the Crown—forgive me for saying it—we are doing our best in our way. I cannot see any slackening or indolence anywhere; and will you allow me to say there is one man who is working as hard as the hardest-worked man in this country, and that is the Sovereign of this realm.* I am quite sure His Majesty the King will appreciate the fact that the citizens of Glasgow

* Here the whole of the audience rose spontaneously to their feet and sang "God Save the King."

realise the contribution he is making to the work of the nation under these trying conditions.

“Keep Steady!”

What is wanted, therefore, is that the nation should keep steady. It is he who endureth to the end that will win. Don't allow the nation to be “rattled.” I rather object to John Bull always being represented as if he were in a towering rage with somebody or something, growling at his food, and generally swearing at everybody. That does not represent him. As a matter of fact he is a good-tempered, forbearing, patient, tenacious old gentleman, who has cultivated the habit of never giving in once he has made up his mind about it. There are people who think the nation is like a petrol machine, that it can only be driven by a rapid succession of petty explosions, and unless they always hear its spluttering they think the machine is at a standstill. Not at all. Let us keep steady, that is my advice to the nation; and I appeal to those who address the public, whether on platforms or in the public Press, to keep up the nerve of the nation, to support it in its purpose. If we grip hard we shall win victory, but don't let us fray the rope, otherwise it might not bear the strain. I specially appeal to the great journals of this country. Every morning and evening they are in the households of the people, and if they breathe distrust and dissension and suspicion they weaken the purpose

of the people gradually; but if they breathe confidence, unity, strength, and hope, it adds to the power of the people to go through this terrible crisis. That is why I am appealing first of all to those who have power and influence in the land, whether great or small, each in his circle helping the spirit of the nation to support its purpose, give strength to its will. Then victory is assured to us—as surely as the rising of the sun to-morrow

The Allies' War Aims.

There are people asking: When are you going to bring this war to an end, how are you going to bring it to an end, and when you have brought it to an end what end do you want for it? All of them are justifiable questions, and all of them demand reasonable answer, and I propose to make my contribution to the solution of these direct and searching questions.

In my judgment this war will come to an end when the Allied Powers have reached the aims which they set out to attain when they accepted the challenge thrown down by Germany to civilisation. These aims were set out recently by President Wilson with his unrivalled gift of succinct and trenchant speech. As soon as these objectives are reached and guaranteed, this war ought to come to an end, but if it comes to an end a single hour before, it will be the greatest disaster that has ever befallen mankind. I hear there are people going about the country saying Germany

is prepared to give you peace now, an honourable peace, and a satisfactory peace. Well, let us examine that. If it is true, then it would be criminal if we sacrificed more precious life and treasure, and prolonged the wretchedness and anxiety and suffering associated with the war. No doubt you can have peace; you can have peace now. Germany will give us peace now—at a price. Germany wants peace, even Prussia ardently desires it. They don't enjoy seeing their veteran soldiers hurled back time after time by what they regard as an amateur army. It does not give them pleasure; it does not rouse their enthusiasm; it does not make them eager to get more of it. They don't like to see their crack—somebody said cracked—regiments prisoners of war, and hundreds of their cannon captured. It is humiliating constantly to fall back. "A little territory here and a little land there, and just a few privileges in the other direction, and we will clear out."

"Buying Out the Goth."

Well, you can have peace at that price, but do you know what it would be? The old policy of buying out the Goth, which eventually destroyed the Roman Empire, and threw Europe into the ages of barbarous cruelties. Believe me, that policy had its undoubted advantages. I can hear the echoes of the pacifists of the day in the Roman Forum dwelling on the fact that if they could only buy out the Goths at a small price compared

with the war, a little territory and a little cash, the Roman youth would be spared the terrors of war, and their parents the anxieties of war, people of all ranks and classes would avoid the hardships of war, and be able to continue their lives of comfort and luxury and ease. The pacifists of the day, when they made the bargain that avoided bloodshed, had only transmitted it to the children. You remember what the Roman Senator said of one of these bargains, which gave peace for the moment to the Roman Empire. He said "This is not a peace, it is a pact of servitude." So it was. If they had bravely and wisely faced their responsibilities what would have happened? Rome would have thrown off its sloth as Britain did in 1914; its blood cleansed by sacrifice, the old vitality, the old virility of the race would have been restored, Rome would have been grander than ever, its rule would have been more beneficent, and the world would have been spared centuries of cruelties and chaos.

German Offers.

You can have peace to-day, but it would be on a basis that history has demonstrated to be fatal to the lives of any great commonwealth that purchased tranquillity upon it. I am told that if you are prepared to make peace now, Germany, for instance, would restore the independence of Belgium. But who says so? There are men in this country who profess to know a good deal about

the intentions of German statesmen. No German statesman has ever said they would restore the independence of Belgium. The German Chancellor came very near it, but the Junkers forthwith fell upon him, and he was boxed soundly on the ear by the mailed fist, and he has never repeated the offence. He said: "We will restore Belgium to its people, but it must form part of the economic system of Germany, of the military and naval defence of Germany. We must have some control over its ports." That is the sort of independence Edward I. offered to Scotland, and after a good many years Scotland gave its final answer at Bannockburn. That is not independence—that is vassalage.

The Meaning of Indemnity.

Then there comes the doctrine of the *status quo*—no annexations, no indemnities. No German speeches are explicit on that. But what does indemnity mean? A man breaks into your house, turns you out for three years, murders some of the inmates, and is guilty of every infamy that barbarism can suggest, occupies your premises for three years, and turns round and says when the law is beginning to go against him, "Take your house; I am willing to give you the *status quo*. I will not even charge you any indemnity." But even a pacifist, if it were done in his house, would turn round and say, "You have wronged me. You have occupied these premises for three years.

You have done me an injury. You must pay compensation. There is not a law in the civilised world that does not make it an essential part of justice that you should do so." And he says in a lofty way, "My principle is 'No indemnity.' " It is not a question of being vindictive, it is not a question of pursuing revenge; indemnity is an essential part of a mechanism of civilisation in every land and clime; otherwise, what guarantee have you against a repetition, against the man remaining there for three years and, when it has got rather too hot for him, clearing out and paying neither rent nor compensation? Why, every man in this land would be at the mercy of any strong-handed villain.

There is no law, there is no civilisation in that. You could not keep the community together. We are fighting for the essential principles of civilisation, and unless we insist upon it we shall not have vindicated what is the basis of right in every land. The same thing applies to Serbia.

But they say, "That is not what you are after. You are after our colonies and Mesopotamia, and perhaps Palestine." If we had entered into this war purely for German colonies we would not have raised an army of three or four millions. We could have got them all without adding a single battalion to the army we had, and if Germany had won elsewhere we should have defied the whole of her victorious legions to take one of them back. If we engaged in the gigantic enterprise, it was not for German colonies. Our greatest

army is in France. What territory are we after there? We have an army in Salonika. What land are we coveting there? We are there to recover for people who have been driven out of their patrimony the land which belongs to them and to their fathers.

Mesopotamia.

But they say, "What is going to happen to those colonies? What is going to happen to Mesopotamia?" Well, if you like, take Mesopotamia. Mesopotamia is not Turkish, never has been Turkish; the Turk is as much an alien in Mesopotamia as the German, and every one knows how he ruled it. This was the Garden of Eden. What a land it is now! You have only to read that terrible report to see what a country the Turk has made of the Garden of Eden. This land, the cradle of civilisation, once the granary of civilisation, the shrine and the temple of civilisation, is a wilderness under the rule of the Turk.

What will happen to Mesopotamia must be left to the Peace Congress when it meets, but there is one thing that will never happen to it—it will never be restored to the blasting tyranny of the Turk. At best he was the trustee of this far-famed land on behalf of civilisation. Ah! What a trustee! He has been false to his trust and the trusteeship must be given over to more competent and more equitable hands, chosen by the Congress which will settle the affairs of the world. That same observation applies to Armenia, a land

soaked with the blood of innocents massacred by the people who were bound to protect them.

The German Colonies.

As to the German colonies, that is a matter which must be settled by the great international Peace Congress. Let me point out that our critics talk as if we had annexed lands peopled by Germans, as if we had subjected the Teutonic people to British rule. When you come to settle who shall be the future trustees of these uncivilised lands, you must take into account the sentiments of the people themselves, what confidence has been inspired in their untutored minds by the German rule of which they have had an experience, whether they are anxious to secure the return of their former masters, or whether they would rather trust their destinies to other and juster and—may I confidently say—gentler hands than those who have had the governing of them up to the present time. The wishes, the desires, and the interests of the people of these countries themselves must be the dominant factor in settling their future government. That is the principle upon which we are proceeding.

Guarantees of Peace.

Is there any trace of any desire on the part of Germany, any indication of a desire on the part of Germany, to settle upon these essential terms?

Where are the negotiations? In a speech which appeared in the Glasgow papers this morning, delivered, I think yesterday, by the Austrian Premier, he emphatically repudiated the principle that nations must have their destinies controlled according to their desires. Where is the common ground for peace there? Unless both principles are accepted, not merely will there be no peace, but if you had a peace there would be no guarantee of its continuance.

What will have to be guaranteed, first of all, by the conditions of peace? That they should be framed upon so equitable a basis that nations will not wish to disturb them. They must be guaranteed by the destruction of the Prussian military power; by the certainty that the confidence of the German people shall be in the equity of their cause and not in the might of their arms. May I say that a better guarantee than either would have been the democratisation of the German Government?

One of the outstanding features of the war has been the reluctance with which democratic countries entered it, and the historian will conclude, in reviewing the facts of these last few years, that if all the belligerent nations had been ruled by Governments directly responsible to their peoples there would have been no war. And if the German Government's Constitution becomes as democratic as either the French, Italian, American, Russian, or British Governments' Constitutions are, that in itself would constitute the

best guarantee for peace in Europe and the world that we can hope to secure.

No one wishes to dictate to the German people the form of government under which they choose to live. That is a matter entirely for themselves; but it is right we should say that we could enter into negotiations with a free Government in Germany with a different attitude of mind, a different temper, a different spirit, with less suspicion, with more confidence, than we could with a Government whom we know to be dominated by the aggressive and arrogant spirit of Prussian militarism; and the Allied Governments would, in my judgment, be acting wisely if they drew that distinction in their general attitude to a discussion of the terms of peace. The fatal error committed by Prussia in 1870—the error which undoubtedly proves her bad faith at that time—was that when she entered the war she was fighting against a restless military Empire dominated largely by military ideals with military traditions behind them. When that Empire fell it would have been wisdom on the part of Germany to recognise the change immediately. Democratic France was a more sure guarantee for the peace of Germany than the fortress of Metz or the walled ramparts of Strassburg. If Prussia had taken that view European history would have taken a different course. It would have acted on the generous spirit of the great people who dwell in France; it would have reacted on the spirit and policy of Germany herself. Europe would have reaped a

harvest of peace and good will amongst men instead of garnering, as she does now, a whirlwind of hate, rage, and human savagery. I trust that the Allied Governments will take that as an element in their whole discussion of the terms and prospects of peace.

Fighting for Future Generations.

I have one thing to say in conclusion. In pursuing this conflict we must think not merely of the present but of the future of the world. We are settling questions which will affect the lives of people, not merely in this generation but for countless generations to come. In France last year I went along the French front and I met one of the finest generals in the French Army, General Gouraud, and he said: "One of my soldiers a few days ago did one of the most gallant and daring things any soldier ever did. He was reckless, but he managed to come back alive, and someone said to him, 'Why did you do that? You have four children and you might have left it to one of the young fellows in the army. What would have happened to your children?' And his answer was, 'It was for them I did it.' "

"Hallowed Causes."

This war involves issues upon which will depend the lives of our children and our children's children. Sometimes in the course of human

events great challenges are hurled from the unknown amongst the sons and daughters of men. Upon the answer which is given to these challenges, and upon the heroism with which the answer is sustained, depends the question whether the world would be better or whether the world be worse for ages to come. These challenges end in terrible conflicts which bring wretchedness, misery, bloodshed, martyrdom in all its myriad forms to the world, and if you look at the pages of history these conflicts stand out like great mountain ranges such as you have in Scotland—scenes of destruction, of vast conflicts, scarred by the volcanoes which threw them up, but drawing blessings from the heavens, they fertilise the valleys and the plains perennially far beyond the horizon of the highest peaks.

You had such a conflict in Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a great fight for the right of men to worship God according to their consciences. The Scottish Covenanters might have given this answer to the challenge: they might have said, “Let there be peace in our time, O Lord.” They might have said, “Why should we suffer for privileges that even our fathers never enjoyed? If we win we may never live to enjoy the fruits of it, but we have got to face privations, unspeakable torture, the destruction of our homes, the scattering of our families, and nameless death. Let there be peace.” Scotland would have been a thing of no account among the nations. Its hills would have bowed their heads in shame

for the people they sheltered. But the answer of the old Scottish Covenanter, the old, dying Covenanter Cargill, rings down the ages even to us at this fateful hour. "Satisfy your conscience and go forward." That was the answer. That conflict was fought in the valleys of Scotland and the rich plains and market-places of England, where candles were lighted which will never be put out; and on the plains, too, of Bohemia, and on the fields and in the walled cities of Germany, there Europe suffered unendurable agonies and miseries; but at the end of it humanity took a great leap forward towards the dawn.

Then came the conflict of the eighteenth century, the great fight for the right of men, as men, and Europe again was drenched with blood, but at the end of it the peasantry were free and democracy became a reality.

Now we are faced with the greatest and the grimmest struggle of all. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, not amongst men, but amongst nations—great and small, powerful and weak, exalted and humble, Germany and Belgium, Austria and Serbia—equality, fraternity, amongst peoples as well as amongst men—that is the challenge which has been thrown to us. Europe is again drenched with the blood of its bravest and best. But, do not forget, these are the great successions of hallowed causes; they are the Stations of the Cross on the road to the emancipation of mankind. Let us endure as our fathers did. Every birth is an agony, and the new world

is born out of the agony of the old world. My appeal to the people of this country, and, if my appeal can reach beyond it, is this, that we should continue to fight for the great goal of international right and international justice, so that never again shall brute force sit on the throne of justice, nor barbaric strength wield the sceptre of right.

“VICTORY WILL COME.”

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT DUNDEE, ON BEING
PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THAT CITY, JUNE 30TH,
1917.

I KNOW the struggle is a prolonged one; I always knew it would be. I have always urged plans on the assumption that it was going to be a long one. The evil was a great one and you don't root great evils out of the earth without great struggles. All the same, with a continuous, persistent, unflinching, unfaltering will we shall win. There are occasional discouragements, there are occasional disappointments. So there are in every great struggle; the end seems to be postponed. I remember in the early days of April attending a conference on the Italian frontier. I passed through lands that ought to have been green with springtime. They were bleak and grey; there was not a bud to be seen; the land was still locked in the cells of winter. All was cold and forbidding, and I entered the warm valleys of Savoy and they were blind with a driving blizzard, and I said, "Will the winter ever cease? Will the spring ever come? Shall we ever see the summer sun and the harvest again?" And for the moment I had a thrill of horror that some visitation had come

upon the earth. I came back in a fortnight and the sun was shining, the trees were in bud. The earth of France had burst the shackles of winter; the almond was in bloom; the glorious splendour of spring was upon the earth, and I knew France was free. And I tell you now, although the winter tarries the springtime of victory will come.

BELGIUM.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE QUEEN'S
HALL TO COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF BELGIAN
INDEPENDENCE, JULY 21ST, 1917.

WE are here to-day on the anniversary of the independence of the people who have rendered such unforgettable services to the independence of Europe. The world will never forget the services rendered by Belgium to international right, for the great battles of Europe during recent centuries have been fought on her soil. Belgium is the gateway between the Central Powers and the West, and modern statesmen had devised the plan—if I may use the phrase—of putting Belgium out of bounds and thus preserving the liberties of Europe by making it impossible either for an aggressive France to destroy Germany or an aggressive Germany to destroy France. The Treaty of the Neutrality of Belgium was one of the pediments of the public law of Europe. Belgium was the gate-keeper of European liberty—the highest, the most onerous, the most dangerous trust ever imposed on a people. Faithfully, loyally, have the Belgian people discharged their trust to Europe. If I may quote from an historic document—a document which is part of the history of the world, the reply

of the Belgian Government to the German Ultimatum—there is nothing that more clearly states, not merely the duty of Belgium to Europe, but the way in which you Belgians have discharged that duty:—

“The Belgian Government, if they were to accept the proposals submitted to them, would sacrifice the honour of the nation and betray their duty towards Europe.” A great answer, greatly kept.

What were the German proposals? They were the proposals of the assassin who approached a man and said, “Open unto me your gates, so that I may take your peaceful neighbour at a disadvantage.” What manner of mind must men possess when they suggest such an infamy to anybody? Belgium, as an honourable people, rejected it with disdain, and great will be their status for evermore in the story of the world.

The Agony of Belgium.

But Belgium has suffered for performing her high duty and keeping her high trust. She has suffered the unbridled savagery of the conqueror, the men who are committing outrages in France and in Belgium that Attila had not the fine cruelty to devise; the pirates of the high seas who are sinking unarmed merchant vessels and passenger ships and drowning women and children. That fury has been concentrated for three years upon Belgium. Three years of oppression, of humilia-

tion, of servitude, of anxiety, of agony. But at the end Belgium will be greater than she ever was. Her sacrifice will be her discipline; her fortitude will be her redemption. In the words of your heroic King, "A country defending itself is respected by all. That country will not perish."

Three years—even of agony—are not long in the life of a nation, and the deliverance of Belgium is assuredly coming, and when it comes that deliverance must be complete. France owes it, Britain owes it, Europe owes it, the civilisation of the world owes it to Belgium that her deliverance shall be complete.

The German Chancellor's Speech.

What have we in the way? There is a new Chancellor. The Junker has thrown the old Chancellor into the waste-paper basket with his scrap of paper and they are lying there side by side. You will not have to wait long before Junkerdom will follow. What hope is there in his speech of peace—I mean an honourable peace, which is the only possible peace? It is a dexterous speech, a facing-all-ways speech. There are phrases for those who earnestly desire peace—many. But there are phrases which the military powers of Germany will understand—phrases about making the frontiers of Germany secure. That is the phrase which annexed Alsace-Lorraine; that is the phrase which has drenched Europe with blood from 1914; that is the phrase

which, if they dare, will annex Belgium; and that is the phrase which will once more precipitate Europe into a welter of blood within a generation unless that phrase is wiped out of the statesmanship of Europe.

There are phrases for men of democratic mind in that speech—many. He was calling men from the Reichstag to co-operate with the Government; they were even to get office, men of all parties and men of democratic sentiment. But there were phrases to satisfy the Junkers—to other men nothing. There was to be no parting with Imperialistic rights. Ah! They will call men from the Reichstag to office, but they will be not Ministers, but clerks. It is the speech of a man waiting on the military situation, and let the Allies—Russia, Britain, France, Italy, all of them—bear that in mind. It is a speech that can be made better by improving the military situation. If the Germans win in the West, if they destroy the Russian army in the East, if their friends the Turks drive Britain out of Mesopotamia, if the U-boats sink more merchant ships, then that speech, believe me, means annexation all round and military autocracy more firmly established than ever. But, on the other hand, should the German army be driven back in the West, be beaten in the East, and should their friends the Turks fail in Baghdad, and the submarines be a failure on the high seas, that speech is all right. We must all help to make that a good speech. There are possibilities in it of excellence. Let us help Dr. Michaelis;

let us give our assistance to the new Chancellor to make his first speech a real success. But for the moment it means that the military party have won.

I want to repeat in another form a statement which I made before. What manner of Government they choose to rule over them is entirely the business of the German people themselves; but what manner of Government we can trust to make peace with is our business. Democracy is in itself a guarantee of peace, and if you cannot get it in Germany, then we must secure other guarantees as a substitute. The German Chancellor's speech shows, in my judgment, that those who are in charge of affairs in Germany have for the moment elected for war.

Belgium Must Be Restored.

There is no hope for Belgium in that speech. It is not even mentioned. The phraseology is full of menace to Belgium. All that about making their frontiers secure—which took Metz and Strassburg away, and will take Liège and the control over Antwerp again—that is not a phrase of good omen for Belgium. All that about the necessity of seeing that the economic interests of Germany are secure means that, even if they restore Belgium, their restoration will be a sham. The determination of the Allies is this, that Belgium must be restored as a free and an independent people. Belgium must be a people and not a Pro-

tectorate. We must not have a Belgian scabbard for the Prussian sword. The sceptre must be Belgian, the sword must be Belgian, the scabbard must be Belgian, the soul must be Belgian.

I read that speech, as it was my duty to read it, once, twice, thrice, to seek anything in it which would give hope for an end of this bloodshed, and I see a sham independence for Belgium, a sham democracy for Germany, a sham peace for Europe; and I say Europe has not sacrificed millions of her gallant sons to set up on soil consecrated by their blood a mere sanctuary for shams.

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Democracy versus Autocracy.

The issues are becoming clearer day by day. Belgium, with a sure instinct, understood them the first hour of the contest. You made no mistake as to what this great conflict meant for you, for France, for Britain, for Europe, for the world, for humanity, for all generations. It is to your glory that you have jumped to the right conclusion. A great German newspaper said the other day that the Germans were fighting for the freedom and independence of the Fatherland. It was never true. It is less true to-day than it ever was. The freer Germany is, the more independent Germany is, the better we like it. Those who are the enemies of the freedom and independence of Ger-

many are her own rulers and not the Allied Powers.

We prefer a free Germany. We can make peace with a free Germany. It is with a Germany dominated by autocracy that we cannot make any terms of peace. When they were fighting perhaps a corrupt and narrow autocracy in the East they had some specious pretext for appeals of that kind to their own people. They have none now. For what has happened? Russia has not merely become a great democracy which is not fighting to extend its own territories; it has actually declared that it is prepared to concede independence to a nation which was once under the Russian flag. Since then the last shadow of a pretext on the part of Germany that she is fighting for freedom and independence has completely vanished, even if she ever had one.

It has now become a struggle between two definite groups: one a democratic group—a group of democratic, free nations; another a group of nations governed by military autocracy—Germany, Austria, Turkey, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria—fit associates. That is the grouping.

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In the great coming struggles in the East and in the West, every German soldier must know in his heart that if he falls he will be dying for military autocracy in fighting against the federation of free peoples. On the other hand, every Belgian soldier, every French soldier, every Russian

soldier knows that he is risking his life for the freedom and independence of his native land. Every British, every American, every Portuguese soldier knows that he will be fighting side by side with the others for international right and justice throughout the world; and it is that growing conviction more even than the knowledge of vast unexhausted resources which gives them all heart—it gives us heart—to go on fighting to the end, knowing full well that the future of mankind is our trust to maintain and to defend.

SERBIA.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE SERBIAN LUNCH (SAVOY HOTEL),
AUGUST 8TH, 1917.

I FELT that I could not let this opportunity pass without coming here to say that my heart is with Serbia, and to pay a personal tribute of deep respect to the venerable and distinguished Serbian Prime Minister. I have heard of and esteemed him for years as one of the wisest, most sage, and most patriotic figures in the East. Serbia owes a good deal to him. I think Europe owes a good deal to him. It was through his action—and he is far too wise a man not to have known that his action involved suffering for himself and his country—that the great challenge was accepted by civilisation to the barbarism of Prussia. It is not for naught that two of the greatest statesmen in Europe at the present moment have been produced by two comparatively small nations in the East—M. Pasitch and M. Venizelos—to whose far-seeing patriotism we owe so much at the present moment. In fact, we owe far more than it is possible for us to reveal as to the prospects of the future. M. Venizelos's steadfastness, his courage, his insight, have kept the soul of Greece alive under most trying conditions. But we are here

specially to do honour to the leader of the small nation which has passed through such trying conditions during the last three years.

“Singing of Defeat.”

I am a believer in little nations. I have the honour to belong to one myself. There is one thing about the Serbian nation that always touches me as a Welshman. I believe in a nation that can sing about its defeats. The great event in the story of Serbia is not a triumph, not a victory, but a great defeat that submerged it in barbarism. Yet Serbia sang of that right through the centuries until the day of restoration came. If I may say so, that is almost what has happened in the case of my little people—our greatest song is the song that drove us into the mountains, but we always sang it with hope, and we are still alive. So the people of Serbia sang in the mountains of the battle of Kossovo, with the refrain of sadness, and a certain lilt of hope at the end of it, until the day of triumph came.

Serbia to be Restored.

A nation that can sing about its defeat is a nation which is immortal, and that is why Serbia is immortal. At present she is submerged in a deluge of barbarism, but she is not destroyed. Like a fresco, a beautiful picture covered with the foulness of centuries, something comes to cleanse it,

and it is as fresh and bright as when it came from the hand of the master. That is Serbia—a great picture painted in the mountains of the East by the hand of the Great Master, limned and coloured with all the foulness of Turkish barbarism. Does anyone imagine that a race which survives the centuries without degradation is going to die by two or three years of defeat? That is why I believe in Serbia. She has the necessary grit, endurance, hope, and faith that will make her live. I fear not what is going to happen to Serbia. What I ventured to say about Belgium, speaking on behalf of the British Government, I say here again, speaking on behalf of the same Government and of the people of Serbia—the first condition of peace is restoration, complete and without reservation. I came here to make no speech. I came to say that however long this war may last—and it is in the hands of God—British honour is involved in seeing that Serbian independence is fully restored.

It is not merely a matter of honour; it is a matter of the security of civilisation. Just as Belgium is the warder of the gateway of the West, so Serbia is the guardian of the gateway of the East, and faithfully has she stood to her trust. She has done it to her detriment. She has suffered. She has had two, three glorious campaigns. With her own right hand she defeated the legions of Austria, and had it not been for the overwhelming masses of the whole of the Central Powers that attacked her she would still have kept the gate.

But her gallant troops in the hour of defeat have never been broken-hearted. On the contrary, the remnants of her army have rallied together. Men came from the East and the West with Serbian blood in their veins, and their hearts throbbing with the traditions of their people. They are still at that door watching, and one day they will break through and recapture their independence. Once more we here extend the hand of fellowship to Serbia, and say, "Come weal, come woe, we are not merely Allies, but friends and partners, and we will go through the world together."

THE PAN-GERMAN DREAM.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT QUEEN'S HALL ON
THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION OF WAR,
AUGUST 4TH, 1917.

Why We Are at War.

THIS is the third anniversary of the greatest war the world has ever witnessed. What are we fighting for? To defeat the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations, carefully, skilfully, insidiously, clandestinely planned in every detail with ruthless, cynical determination. Those who have read the revelations which have recently appeared of that meeting in Berlin a few weeks before the war must have read with a shudder the account of that meeting of the confederates before the firing of the train—one of the most sinister episodes in the whole history of brigandage.

Should there be any man in this country who wants to know why we are at war, let him put this question to himself. What would have happened to Europe—what would have happened to the world—if we had not gone into this war? See, looking back over the last three years, what has befallen Europe as our justification for entering the war. With the whole of our might thrown into the task—all our great Army and Navy—

Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Montenegro, some of the fairest provinces of France and Russia overrun, devastated, humiliated, and Bulgaria and Turkey miserable vassal States—that is what has happened with the whole weight of the British Empire thrown in on the other side. Can you picture what would have happened if our vast Navy had not been keeping the seas; if we had not been there to keep the ring and secure a certain measure of forbearance and fair play; if we had not raised a huge new army to confront the Prussian legions? Russia would have been swallowed up. She is demoralised for the moment, and disintegration has rendered her brave army impotent for the present, but it would have happened sooner. France would have fought with all the traditional valour of her race, a valour which in history and in the despatches of to-day has thrilled the world with wonder; but with succour and supplies by sea cut off and left isolated on land, even her gallant armies might have been overwhelmed. What kind of peace would you have had in Europe then? It would not have been a peace; it would have been a conquest, a subjugation of Europe; Europe would have been at the mercy of one great dominating Power; yes, and at the mercy of the worst elements of that Power.

The Pan-German Dream.

Will those people who still have doubt as to whether we ought to have intervened three years

ago reflect upon what kind of Europe there would be to-day if we had not gone into the war? There would have been many nations; there would have been one Great Power; there would have been two navies, Great Britain's and Germany's for a time—for a time! Think of the terms of peace. Indemnity might have taken the form of a demand for surrender of navies, and Russia, France, Greece, perhaps Italy—Europe—would have been at the mercy of that great cruel Power. You may say this is a nightmare. It is not; it is the description of the Pan-German dream.

What would have happened in America? The Monroe Doctrine would have been treated like any other "scrap of paper." It was a doctrine to which Germany never subscribed, though if she had appended her signature to it, it would have made no difference; but we know her ambitions in South America. Not a year after the signing of peace would have elapsed before she would have started to realise those ambitions, and America would have been helpless. The Allied Powers felt instinctively, from the first moment, that a great peril to human liberty had appeared on the horizon, and without delay, without hesitation, they accepted the challenge. America realised the peril later, and therefore is with us to-day. This peril we have for three years been trying to avert, and not without success.

Do not be blinded, do not be discouraged, by any unfortunate episodes; realise the great central fact that we have checked the ambition of

Germany. The nations of the world have been painfully climbing the steep that leads to national independence and self-respect. Great Britain and France reached the plateau long ago. Other nations came later. It was towards the end of the nineteenth century that Italy achieved the position of an independent State. And then comes a Great Power with brute force to thrust the nations back, crushed and bleeding, into the old dark chasm of servitude. This is why we have been fighting for the last three years.

“The Kaiser’s Stutter.”

There are people who say: “But the peril is now past. Why, therefore, do you not make peace? The Kaiser now talks a different language. You never hear now those resounding phrases about the world-power of Germany. He talks modestly about defending German soil.” Who ever wanted to invade German soil? Did Britain with her “contemptible little Army” want to invade Germany? Was Russia, who had not a railway system which was adequate to keeping an army to defend her own frontier, preparing for invasion? Was France, who was obviously unprepared to protect even her own frontiers, preparing for invasion? Or was it Belgium that was going to invade Germany? Was the Serbian army going to March to Berlin? No; the Kaiser must know that it is not true. That is not why he went to war. That is not why he is at war now. Even now

neither he nor his new Chancellor say they will be satisfied with German soil. They both talk glibly of peace, but they stammer, they stutter, when they come to the word restoration. It has not yet crossed their lips in its entirety. We have challenged them. They cannot say it. Before we enter a peace conference they must learn to utter that word to begin with. The gallant soldiers, of whom I am delighted to see specimens in this meeting, are gradually going to cure the Kaiser of this stutter. So far he has not yet learned the alphabet of peace. The first letter in that alphabet is restoration. Then we will talk.

“No ‘Next Time.’ ”

That is not all. War is a ghastly thing, but not as grim as a bad peace. There is an end to the most horrible war, but a bad peace goes on and on staggering from one war to another. What do they mean? Do they mean peace when they talk? The truth is—I have followed closely every line they have uttered, and I have watched their papers—the Prussian war lords have not yet abandoned their ambitions. They are not discussing that. They are only discussing the postponement of the realisation of these ambitions. There is a feeling among them—a genuine feeling, believe me—that this time the plot has miscarried. They are perfectly honest about that, and they blame this country with its Fleet and its factories, and they say, “Had it not been for Britain all

would have been well." Next time they mean to make sure. There must be no "make sure." A man in a very high and powerful position in Germany has said there will be peace shortly, but war will be resumed in ten years. That is their idea. This is the way they talk. They say, "Well, there are many things we ought to have foreseen. We ought to have had plenty of food stored in Germany. Next time we will see to that. We ought to have had plenty of cotton. Then, we have made a mistake about submarines. Instead of having two or three hundred, we ought to have had at least two or three thousand." Next time! There must be no "next time"! Far better, in spite of all the cost, all the sorrow, and all the tragedy of it—let us have done with it! Do not let us repeat this horror! Let us be the generation that manfully, courageously, resolutely eliminated war from among the tragedies of human life. Let us, at any rate, make victory so complete that national liberty, whether for great nations or for small nations, can never be challenged. That is the ordinary law. The small man, the poor man, has the same protection as the powerful man. So the little nation must be as well guarded and protected as the big nation.

You ask, "How are we getting on?" Well, like all roads that have ever been constructed, there are ups and downs, and no doubt the Russian collapse is rather a deep glen through which we are passing, and I am not sure that we have reached its darkest level. But across the valley I can see

the ascent. I will give you my reason. Russia herself has been taught by this collapse the much-needed lesson that an army without discipline is a mere rabble where the brave are sacrificed to protect cowards. The French Revolution quickly taught that lesson, otherwise the Prussians and the Austrians would have quenched French liberty in the blood of its sons.

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“Both Eyes on Victory.”

While the Army is fighting so valiantly let the nation behind it be patient, be strong, and, above all, united. The strain is great on nations and on individuals, and when men get over-strained tempers get ragged, and small grievances are exaggerated, and small misunderstandings and mistakes swell into mountains. Long wars, like long voyages and long journeys, are very trying to the temper, and wise men keep watch on it and make allowances for it. There are some who are more concerned about ending the war than about winning it, and plans which lead to victory, if they prolong the conflict, have their disapproval, and the people who are responsible for such plans have their condemnation. Let us keep our eye steadily on the winning of the war. May I say let us keep both eyes? Some have a cast in their eye, and while one eye is fixed truly on victory, the other is wandering around to other issues or staring stonily at some pet or partisan project of

their own. Beware of becoming cross-eyed! Keep both eyes on victory. Look neither to the right nor to the left. That is the way we shall win. If anyone promotes national distrust or disunion at this hour he is helping the enemy and hurting his native land. And it makes no difference whether he is for or against the war. As a matter of fact, the hurt is deeper if he is for the war, because whatever the pure pacifist says is discounted and, as far as the war is concerned, discredited.

Let there be one thought in every head. If you sow distrust, discontent, disunion, in the nation we shall reap defeat. If, on the other hand, we sow the seeds of patience, confidence, and unity, we shall garner in victory and its fruits. The last ridges of a climb are always the most trying to the nerves and to the heart, but the real test of great endurance and courage is the last few hundreds or scores of feet in a climb upwards. The climber who turns back when he is almost there never becomes a great mountaineer, and the nation that turns back and falters before it reaches its purpose never becomes a great people. You have all had experience in climbing, no doubt—perhaps in Wales. Any mountaineer can start; any sort of mountaineer can go part of the way; and very often the poorer the mountaineer, the greater is his ardour when he does start; but fatigue and danger wear out all but the stoutest hearts, and even the most stout-hearted sometimes fail when they come to the last slippery precipice. But if they do turn back and after-

wards look up and see how near they had got to the top, how they curse the faint-heartedness which bade them give up when they were so near the goal!

No one has any idea, no one in Britain, France, Italy, or Russia, nor in Germany, nor in Austria, how near the top we may be. A mere crag may hide it from our view. And there are accidents. Russia may have staggered for a moment, but she is still on the rope; in due time she will be up again climbing, strong-limbed and firm of purpose, and together we shall reach the summit of our hopes.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE TOWN HALL
OF BIRKENHEAD ON BEING PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM
OF THAT CITY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1917.

THERE is no use disguising the fact that the news from Russia is disappointing. I have always believed in telling the truth and the whole truth to my countrymen, because I know full well that that is the way to get the best out of them. I have always thought that the Revolution, when it came, would have the effect of postponing victory. Revolutions may be good things or they may be bad things according to circumstances, but they do upset a country when they come. There is considerable disorganisation; it inevitably follows. I did expect an earlier recovery, but what I want to say is that we must exercise patience. The Russian leaders, who are able and very patriotic men, very loyal to the cause of the Alliance, know quite well what is at stake. If Russia were defeated and humiliated under the leadership of a Revolutionary Government large territories in Russia would be overrun, and many of them would be torn for ever from the side of Russia. The Germans are already referring to Riga—which they only captured a few hours ago—as the German town of Riga. The Russian leaders, I am

convinced, know that all this Revolution is at stake, and that the credit of democratic government in Russia and elsewhere is at stake. No people will readily forgive a system of government which cannot defend their native land against an invader. It is no mean part of the glory of the French Revolution that its sons, ill-clad, half starved, ragged, and tattered, still hurled back the armies of the invader, and kept France free. Those victories constitute the title-deeds of the French Revolution. Had the French Revolutionary leaders permitted anarchy to paralyse national defence their names would be held to-day in contempt in France, and the cause represented by the Revolution would have suffered, for Frenchmen are, above all, patriotic.

Liberty Must Be Defended.

But we must bear in mind that the Russians are repairing the machine which has broken down. They are repairing that machine under fire. They are attempting to repair the mismanagement of centuries under the most trying circumstances, and we must be patient. I feel confident that in the end they will succeed. They know too well that if the Kaiser's army gets to Petrograd it will not go there to establish a reign of liberty. The French revolutionary leaders knew this when, at the end of the eighteenth century, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia—the same autocratic partnership—invaded France. And they

also knew that it was not enough to proclaim liberty in France. They had to defend it. It was not enough to declare liberty in the streets of Paris, they had to defend it on the Sambre and on the Meuse. It is all very well to worship at the shrine of liberty, but you cannot defend it with garlands. The Prussian sword would soon make short work of them. I am not concerned merely as to the effect upon victory, but because I know that a Russian failure would do infinite harm to the cause of democracy all the world over. The judgment would be an unjust one, because it would not take into full account all that had preceded. If the Russian democracy has not received that training which would enable it in a few months of war to run a great Empire with efficiency and steadiness, and which it has taken other countries generations and centuries to acquire, we must not blame the people but the system that deprived them of the education, the training, the opportunity, the experience, and the responsibility essential to enable any race to govern itself. We must make allowance for a nation, freed as it were by a lightning stroke from the oppression of centuries. It takes as long for an oppressed people to get accustomed to freedom as it does for a free people to get accustomed to oppression.

Russia Loyal to the Allies.

One thing gives me great encouragement: German attempts to sow dissension between the Al-

lies, between the Allies in the West and the Allies in the East, have failed. Why did Germany not invade Russia months ago? She did, not with armies but with agents. Battalions of them cover the land. What for? To sow distrust, suspicion, hatred of the Allies of Russia, and if Germany is to-day invading with her guns it is because she knows that her other methods have failed. At the great Conference at Moscow there was no distinction of parties in the heartiness with which men of all sections declared their adhesion to the cause of the Allies and the loyalty of Russia to its treaty obligations. The old German attempt to produce the impression in Russia that the war was due to the machinations of England has not gone home. They know too well that it is a calumny. It is a falsehood on the face of it. The war began in the East and not in the West. Russia was brought in because she undertook to champion the cause of Serbia; France was brought in because she had undertaken, by solemn treaty obligation, to stand by Russia if attacked; Belgium was brought in because she was on the direct road to France; Britain was brought in because she had given her word to defend Belgium. Russia was first in the fray and not last, and the leaders of Russian democracy know that, and that is why they have not been moved from their loyalty to the cause of the Allies in spite of all Prussian subterfuges, devices, and tricks.

Had Russia been a democracy in 1914 she would not have allowed a small country of men and

women of her own kith and kin to have been unscrupulously trampled upon by a confederacy of military autocracies. Surely, they are not less likely than autocracies to defend the weak, and anyone who contends that a Russian democracy in 1914 would not have defended Serbia is libelling the people of Russia.

However, the fact remains that the machinery has broken down for the moment in Russia. M. Kerensky and his colleagues have had cast upon them the terrible task of straightening the mismanagement of centuries, and they are doing so under the fire of the Prussian guns. It is a difficult task—a task that would try the mettle of any man. I believe the Russian Ministers are equal to it. So I bid you so far from despairing of Russia to look forward with hope to her recovery and to the great part she will take before this war is over in emancipating the world from the menace of Prussian militarism. Anything this country can do to assist—and when I speak of this country I am certain I can speak with equal confidence of other countries in the Alliance—whatever any and each of us can do to assist Russia to restore her strength we shall only be too delighted to do.

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Keep On!

For all these reasons I bid you be of stout heart. The stout heart of Britain has won through

greater difficulties than those which beset us at this hour. I have been in the habit once or twice of telling my Welsh fellow countrymen when there was anything that made them feel in the least depressed to look upon the phenomena of their hills. On a clear day they look as if they were near. You could reach them in an easy march—you could climb the highest of them in an hour. That is wrong; you could not. Then comes a cloudy day, and the mists fall upon them, and you say: "There are no hills. They have vanished." Again, you are wrong. The optimist is wrong; the hills are not as near as he thought. The pessimist is still more wrong, because they are there. All you have to do is keep on, keep on. Falter not. We have many dangerous marshes to cross; we will cross them. We have steep and stony paths to climb; we will climb them. Our footprints may be stained with blood, but we will reach the heights; and beyond them we shall see the rich valleys and plains of the new world which we have sacrificed so much to attain.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A FALSE IDEAL.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE ALBERT HALL
ON THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW WAR ECONOMY CAMPAIGN,
OCTOBER 22ND, 1917.

I AM not going to predict when the end of the war will come. No man in his senses would prolong it one hour if there were an opportunity for a real and a lasting peace. But it must be a lasting peace. It must not be a peace which is a prelude to a new and a more devastating war. As you may imagine, I have scanned the horizon anxiously and I cannot see any terms in sight which would lead to an enduring peace. I feel that the only terms which would be possible now would be terms which would end in an armed truce. I will say an arming truce, ending in an even more frightful struggle. This war is terrible beyond all wars, but, terrible as it is in itself, it is still more terrible in the possibilities which it has revealed of new horrors on land and sea and in the air.

I ask those who are pressing, should there be any, for a premature peace, to reflect for a moment what might happen if we made an unsatisfactory settlement. All the best scientific brains in all lands, stimulated by national rivalries, national hatreds, national hopes, would be devoting their energies for ten, twenty, thirty years to

magnifying the destructive power of those horrible agents whose power has only just been disclosed to the belligerents within the last few months. We must settle this once and for all. The power of the air in its initial stages, the infernal weapons of the deep basely developed, all those chemical elements which have been utilised for the first time—if this is going to be repeated after thirty years of scientific work and application, believe me there are men and women in this hall now who may live to see the death of civilisation. It must be the end of conflicts of this kind now. And that is why it is essential for the future well-being of the human race that such a decision should be reached now in this struggle, that brute force shall be dethroned for ever, so that our children may not be condemned to horrors and terrors which even the most vivid imagination dare not portray.

The Potsdam Shrine.

That is why we are putting all our strength into getting the right issue in this conflict now. But I ask the question: Is such a settlement within immediate reach? I have already told you that in my judgment, frankly, it is not. Germany, in my judgment, would only make peace now on terms which would enable her to benefit by the war into which she has wantonly plunged the world. That would mean that Germany would profit by her own wicked venture. It would be

an encouragement for every domineering empire in the future to repeat the experiment.

The failure of Napoleon taught France a lesson she never forgot, and a similar lesson—it took twenty years then and more; it will not take that now—but a similar lesson must be burnt into the heart and memory of every Prussian before this war is done with. Amidst all discussions about terms and concessions here and there we must keep our eyes steadfastly on the great purposes of the war. It is not a question of territorial readjustment, except in so far as that is necessary for the recognition of national right. It is not a question of indemnities, except in so far as that is essential in order to compensate for wrong inflicted. It is pre-eminently a question of the destruction of a false ideal, which has intimidated and enslaved Europe, or would have done so had it been triumphant. The real enemy is the war spirit fostered in Prussia. It is an ideal of a world in which force and brutality reign supreme, as against a world, an ideal of a world, peopled by free democracies, united in an honourable league of peace. That ideal, that war spirit, has its shrine in Potsdam, where for fifty years they have been incessantly plotting, planning, scheming how to invade this country and to trample down another. Russia, Belgium, Serbia, France, Great Britain—all their energies, all their thoughts, every ingenuity has been exhausted in devising machinery; all their energies absorbed in manufacturing machinery. German industry,

German education, German science, German politics, German diplomacy, German flesh and blood, for generations have been devoted to the destruction or the enslavement of their neighbours. That has been their dream, and it has been our nightmare.

Time on Our Side.

That is the war spirit enshrined in Potsdam. There will be no peace in the world, no liberty, until that shrine is shattered and its priesthood dispersed and discredited for ever. This year I had hoped that we might have broken that terrible power. We had all looked forward to the great converging movement which would have accomplished that purpose. The temporary collapse of the Russian military power has, I will not say disappointed, but postponed, our hopes. But time is on our side. There was a moment when time was a doubtful and dangerous neutral, rather disposed to favour our foes. Two things have changed his disposition. The first is the advent of America. To realise what that means you have only to follow the rapid growth of our own little army to the position of one of the most formidable armies in the field. America is now starting. Its resources in man-power are twice as considerable as those of the United Kingdom. You have there about the best fighting material in the world. We have good reason to know that. For ingenuity, resolution, bravery, they are indeed a formidable people, and their mechanical resources

are unequalled in the whole world. They have come in, and they are throwing the whole of their volcanic energy into preparing for the conflict. Time is on our side.

What is the second factor? The increasing failure of the German submarine campaign. You can hardly realise, without going into it thoroughly, how much Germany gambled on that. They said: "In 1917 America will not count. She has no army." "In 1918," they said, "she will not have very much of an army; 1919 will never arrive." That is how they reckon at Potsdam. Why did they say that? "Because," said Potsdam, "before 1918 arrives the shipping tonnage of the world will be rusting at the bottom of the deep." That was their reckoning. It was wrong. There are fluctuations, there are ups and downs, there are bad days and goods days, bad weeks and good weeks, but our monthly loss in tonnage in the good and the bad is not much over one-third of what it was in April last. I will give you another figure I have never given yet. The losses of German submarines during this year—not quite ten months of the year—are more than twice what they were in the whole of last year.

Time is on our side. Our shipbuilding is increasing. We have laid down plans and made arrangements by which we can turn out next year four times what we turned out last year. America is doing the same.

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Keep Together.

To win through you must last out. What must we do? Husband our resources to last through the trying interval—and it is very trying—until Russia recovers and America is ready. Save money, save food, save in energy, save in luxuries, save in labour, and increase production in every direction. Above all let us cultivate patience, endurance, steadfastness. Waiting means winning. Let us keep together. Beware of people who try to sow dissension, distrust, suspicion, disunion. The enemy, beaten on most of the battlefields, is organising with deadly care and ingenuity an offensive behind the lines. I know what I am talking about. See what has happened in France—they discovered it in time—and look out for Boloism in all its shapes and forms. It is the latest and most formidable weapon in the German armoury. Dissension among ourselves will be fatal to any and every campaign. Wait and have patience, endurance, concentration, unity. Personal and sectional differences, suspicions, resentments, must be forgotten, or at any rate postponed; this is no time to talk of parties; there must be one party and that is the nation. Let us help to defend the nation, the State, the Allied Governments—America, France, Italy, Russia—resist the attempts to sow mistrust among us and seek to shake our nerves, keep steady and we shall win.

A NATION'S THANKS.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS, OCTOBER 29TH, 1917.

I BEG to move "That the thanks of this House be given to the officers, petty officers, and men of the Navy for their faithful watch upon the seas during more than three years of ceaseless danger and stress, while guarding our shores and protecting from the attacks of a barbarous foe the commerce upon which the victory of the Allied Cause depends.

"That the thanks of this House be given to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the British Armies in the field, and also to the women in the medical and other services auxiliary thereto, for their unfailing courage and endurance in defending the right, amid sufferings and hardships unparalleled in the history of war, and for their loyal readiness to continue the work to which they have set their hands until the liberty of the world is secure.

"That the thanks of this House be accorded to the gallant troops from the Dominions Overseas, from India, and from the Crown Colonies who have travelled many thousands of miles to share with their comrades from the British Isles in the sacrifices and triumphs of the battlefield, and to

take their full part in the struggle for human freedom.

“That the thanks of this House be accorded to the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine for the devotion to duty with which they have continued to carry the vital supplies to the Allies through seas infested with deadly perils.

“That this House doth acknowledge with grateful admiration the valour and devotion of those who have offered their lives in the service of their country, and tenders its sympathy to their relatives and friends in the sorrows they have sustained.”

The Navy.

Even had I the leisure, which I certainly have not in these terrible times, especially in the anxiety of the last two or three days, I feel that I could not do justice to this great theme, but the deeds which are referred to in the Resolution are so well known and have won universal admiration and gratitude, not merely from every member of this House but from every subject of His Majesty, that I feel that no words are necessary in order to commend it to the acceptance of any body of Britishers throughout the world. Taking the first paragraph in the Resolution, that which refers to the British Navy, the enormous magnitude of our Army, the fact that it has representatives in millions of homes in the country, and the dazzling record of its great achievements, may in some respects have obscured the service which the British

Navy has rendered to this country and to its Allies. The British Navy is like one of those internal organs, essential to life, but of the existence of which we are not conscious until something goes wrong. The Navy is taken for granted. In this war the British Navy has been the anchor of the Allied cause. If it lost its hold the hopes of the Alliance would be shattered. To realise the power and might of the British Navy and how essential a part it has played in this great struggle, one has only to imagine for a moment what would have happened, not if we had not the command of the sea at the beginning of the war, but if the British Navy had been defeated even a year ago and the sceptre of the seas had been snatched by our foes. Our armies in France, in Mesopotamia, in Salonika, and in Egypt would have languished and finally vanished for lack of support in men and material. France, deprived not merely of our support but of the material assistance which the British Navy enables us still to get from abroad, would be unable probably to defend herself against the overwhelming hordes of the foe. Italy, deprived at home of her ammunition and of food, would have fallen a ready prey to her fierce and vindictive enemies, which she has not done yet and will not do. Russia, cut off on the east and the west, would indeed have been defenceless. I have no hesitation in saying that but for the British Navy overwhelming disaster would have fallen on the Allied cause. Prussia would have been the insolent mistress of

Europe, and through Europe, of the world. Never in the whole of the affairs of the world has the British Navy been a more potent and a more beneficent influence in the affairs of men. What has it accomplished? In spite of hidden foes, as well as open attack, in spite of legitimate naval warfare and in spite of black piracy, it has preserved the highway of the seas for Britain and her Allies.

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The Mercantile Marine.

As to the smaller craft of the Fleet, their work and peril never ends. They are numbered by the thousand, and their hardships and dangers are barely realised, but through their action security and plenty are enjoyed by the population of these Islands. They patrol the seas from the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean to the stormy floods of Magellan. There is not an ocean, a sea, a bay, a gulf—there is not an estuary used for commerce which is not patrolled by the ships of the British Navy. How dangerous a task it is the casualty lists proclaim, because in proportion to their numbers the dead are equal to those of the British Army. Through it all the command of the sea has been maintained. I am glad that in this respect special recognition is accorded to the officers and men of the mercantile marine. It is a great distinction for any civilian body to be placed in the same category as the soldiers of the British Army and

the sailors of the British Navy, but the officers and men of the British mercantile marine have won that distinction. Seamanship at best is a comfortless and a cheerless calling. I remember that when I occupied the office which is now held by my right hon. friend (Sir A. Stanley), as President of the Board of Trade, the concern of the Department at that time was the difficulty in getting men to engage in this avocation, and as the standard of living improved it was impossible almost to persuade men to pursue a trade so full of peril and so devoid of comfort. That was in time of peace. What is it now? During the war the strain, the hardship, the terror, the peril, have increased manifold. Piracy is more rampant and ruthless than it has ever been in the history of the world. This is a new terror added to those of the deep.

The risks of the navigator have increased in every direction. Lighthouses which were there to warn the mariner against imminent peril are, many of them, dark. Ships have to tear at full speed through fog and through storm to avoid worse dangers, and the ceaseless watch has now a new and more terrible meaning. And not merely in the daylight—the sailor has to spear the dark for objects hardly visible on the surface of the seas, even in sunlight; and yet life depends upon observing those objects in time. Then when the blow comes from the invisible foe they are faced with conditions which would make the stoutest heart pall. The mariner is left with the surging

seas around him, scores of miles from a friendly shore. And yet amongst those who go down to the deep in ships there has not been found one man who failed to return. I have made inquiries, and I am told on all hands that the men return with greater alacrity than in times of peace. Men torpedoed twice, thrice, seven times, lose no time in seeking another ship, hardly wait for their papers before they return, because they realise that in these times their country cannot spare one man or one hour of time.

This is no time to dwell upon the dark deeds of our foes on the sea; but they are all in the reckoning. What has struck me with regard to the sailors is this: that they have no fear of danger. There is not one of them who shirks it; but they abhor the degradation of seamanship involved in these actions and the dishonour to the traditions of a noble calling. That is why the sailor steadfastly refuses to have any traffic with men who are guilty of such conduct, or of sanctioning it, until the stain is wiped out.

The Fishermen.

I would like to say a word about our fishermen. Their contribution has been a great one. Sixty per cent. of our fishermen are in the Naval Service. Their trawlers are engaged in some of the most perilous tasks that can be entrusted to sailors. There is mine-sweeping, a dangerous occupation often ending in disaster. The number

of mines they have swept is incredible, and if they had not done this Britain would now have been blockaded by a ring of deadly machines anchored round our shores. But their services have not been confined to this work. You find their trawlers patrolling the seas everywhere protecting ships, and not merely around the British Isles. You find these fishing trawlers in the Mediterranean. These men surely deserve the best thanks that we can accord them for the services which they have rendered.

I should like to give the House one or two illustrations of the way in which these fishermen have faced these new perils. Here is one case given to me by the Admiralty. A trawler was attacked by the gunfire of a German submarine. Though armed only with a three-pounder gun and outranged by her opponents she refused to haul down her flag, even when the skipper had both legs shot off and most of the crew were killed or injured. "Throw the confidential books overboard and throw me after them," said the skipper, and, refusing to leave his ship when the few survivors took to the boat, he went down with his trawler. There is another case of an armed trawler escorting a number of fishing vessels. Attacked by submarines, outranged, the main boom broken, the funnel down, the wheelhouse blown up, the steering gear disabled, many of the men killed, the ship sinking, they patched her up with canvas; she goes on fighting, and when she ultimately goes down the fishing fleet is safe in port. These are

not men trained for war. These are fishermen; but this is the spirit that has animated our sailors whether in the Navy or in the Mercantile Marine or our fishing fleets. Never have British sailors, whether in the Navy or in the auxiliary services, shown more grit. Never have they rendered greater service to their native land or to humanity. For their courage, for their resolution, for the service they have rendered and for the resource they have shown, I invite the House in this Resolution to thank them, officers and men.

The Old Army.

I come now to the part of the Resolution which deals with the Army. Our Expeditionary Force numbered at the beginning of the war 160,000 men. Our Expeditionary Forces to-day number over 3,000,000—probably the greatest feat of military organisation in the history of the world. It never could have been accomplished but for the heroism and self-sacrifice of the old Army—the old Army, the finest body of troops in the world at that time, more highly trained, more disciplined, more perfect in physique than any other. It saved Europe. In the retreat from Mons it delayed overwhelming hordes of the enemy, and at the Marne helped to roll back the invader. But more than all, the great first battle of Ypres was one of the decisive battles of the world. With unparalleled tenacity and sacrifice it held superior forces for weeks—held them finally. The

enemy superior in numbers and material; our troops short of heavy artillery and ammunition, with no reserves. Every man was put in, cavalrymen, cooks, drivers, servants, and through the individual efforts of officers and men, iron discipline, dogged determination, the Army held out to the last and saved us from disaster. By the end of November France was saved, and Europe; and there was hardly a man left out of the old Army. One division went into battle 12,000 strong. It came out 3,000. Of 400 officers only fifty were left—in one battle. The old Army is the Army that gathered the spears of the Prussian legions into its breast, and in perishing saved Europe. No sacrifice in the history of the world has had greater results, and those seven divisions have a unique position in history and in the annals of the British Army.

The Territorials.

Then after that came the dreary winter and spring of 1914 and 1915. Most of the old veterans gone! And here let me say a word for the Territorials who came to the rescue. Old Army gone; New Army not ready; and somebody had to occupy water-logged trenches. Somebody had to stand torrents of shot and shell from well-equipped artillery, with orders that only two or three shells could be spared for our guns. Somebody had to do that for months while the New Army was getting ready; and the Territorials

fought with the ardour of recruits in their first charge; yea, and with the steadiness of veterans in their hundredth fight! And let me say one word here—and I am glad to say it—we owe a debt of gratitude to the man who created that organisation which came to the rescue of the Empire at such a critical hour.

The New Army.

Now we come to our New Army, who occupy the battle line from the German Ocean to the Persian Gulf. The raising and training of that Army was an unexampled feat, and will always be associated with the name, the great name, of Lord Kitchener. I could not even pretend to give a summary of their achievements. We know, we have heard, many descriptions of battles, and all I can say is that it fills us with a sense of swelling pride that we should belong to the race that has produced such men. There has been nothing comparable to the sustained courage displayed by the British soldier in this war. In previous wars you had great, you had fierce, battles, which lasted for hours, not many of them lasting for days. Those have been the great examples in history; and then you had long intervals of marching and preparation. Now you have battles that last not for hours, not for days or for weeks, but battles that last for months. Never has British courage been put to so terrible a test; never has it endured it so triumphantly. When I read of the conditions

under which our gallant soldiers fight I marvel that the delicate and sensitive mechanism of the human nerve and the human mind can endure them without derangement. The campaigns of Stonewall Jackson fill us with admiration and with wonder. How that man of iron led his troops through the mire and the swamps of Virginia! But his men were never called upon to lie for days and nights in morasses under ceaseless thunderbolts from a powerful artillery, and then march into battle through an engulfing quagmire under a hailstorm of machine-gun fire. That is what our troops have gone through.

They were confronted with the finest Army in the world—the men trained for years, the officers instructed and prepared for this hour. Our men, with a few months' training, our officers in the main taken from counting houses, factories, schools and colleges. Their generals, accustomed to handle scores and hundreds of thousands of men in great manœuvres, while ours at the best were only afforded the opportunity of handling a few thousands. And yet these men with this training, with these scant opportunities, are bringing to defeat veteran armies, entrenched in formidable positions. We really owe a debt of the deepest thanks to this great Army. I can only barely refer to their achievements in other things. In Salonika they have had few opportunities for glory. They arrived too late to save Serbia, but they have faced the malaria of summer and the piercing cold of winter, and they have borne them

all with spirit and good cheer, because no country has ever had more cheerful heroes than we have. In Mesopotamia there is a record of heroism—the way they endured the disasters of the earlier months, the brilliant way in which they retrieved those disasters, re-establishing British prestige throughout the East. In Africa, under most trying conditions of climate—everywhere—these men have behaved in a way which is worthy of the great country to which they belong, and of the record of the great Army in which they are serving.

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The Dominions.

I must say a word now about the Dominions. They have contributed between 700,000 and 800,000 men. What does that mean?—five times the number of our Expeditionary Force. And what a contribution! How well they have fought, the citizen armies! The ready and resourceful courage of the Canadians—how it saved France and the British Army at the second battle of Ypres! How, on the heights of Vimy, they swept the foe from the positions where they had defied the greatest armies of the Allies for two or three years! And then the men of the Southern Seas, of Australia and New Zealand—the dash and the tenacity which enabled them first to capture the precipitous rocks of Anzac, and to cling to them for months; to capture Pozières and to hold Bulle-

court; the men who came in smaller contingents from South Africa, clearing Delville Wood; and the noble sacrifices of the men of Newfoundland. I could not even give a catalogue of their achievements without detaining the House beyond the limits. And then there is India. How bravely, how loyally she has supported the British arms! The memory of the powerful aid which she willingly accorded in the hour of our trouble will not be forgotten after the war is over, and when the affairs of India come up for examination and for action. Then our Colonies throughout the world, how they helped in men and assisted us with labour! Never has the British Empire shown greater and more effective unity. It was regarded as a dream by many; now it is a fact—a powerful fact, fashioning the history of the world and the destinies of men.

The Air Service.

It would be invidious if I were to attempt to distinguish between the various arms of the Service—our splendid Infantry who have borne the brunt of the battle, our Cavalry, and our Artillery, who have lost more heavily, perhaps, in this war than in any war ever waged. The mere fact that we have the Artillery is in itself an achievement. Who would have believed—when you thought it took years to train gunners—that in a few months we would turn out Artillery the precision of whose fire is at once the admiration and

terror of the foe. But, amongst all these, I may be permitted to mention one arm of the Service which has appeared for the first time in this great war—I mean the Air Service. I am sure the House would like special mention to be made of our Air Service. The heavens are their battlefield; they are the Cavalry of the clouds. High above the squalor and the mud, so high in the firmament that they are not visible from earth, they fight out the eternal issues of right and wrong. Their daily, yea, their nightly struggles, are like the Miltonic conflict between the winged hosts of light and of darkness. They fight the foe high up and they fight him low down; they skim like armed swallows, hanging over trenches full of armed men, wrecking convoys, scattering infantry, attacking battalions on the march. Every flight is a romance; every report is an epic. They are the knighthood of this war, without fear and without reproach. They recall the old legends of chivalry, not merely by the daring of their exploits, but by the nobility of their spirit, and, amongst the multitudes of heroes, let us think of the chivalry of the air.

The Chaplains and the Medical Service.

I do not think we ought to pass by the chaplains in the Army. They have sustained their losses and have done their duty manfully, courageously and tenderly. When you come to the Medical Service, the men and the women, they have

never shown greater courage, knowledge and experience. Thousands of them have devoted themselves—devotion is the right word—to the curing of the wounded and the healing of the sick. Great consultants have given up princely incomes and volunteered for this service. Wounds have been cured which before the war were regarded as fatal, and I may give an illustration, and only one illustration, of the services they have rendered in saving life, not merely by their curing expedients, but by the precautions they have taken. In the South African War, I believe, 50,000 men died of typhoid. In France, out of our gigantic Army, during the whole three years of the war, only 3,000 have fallen victims to this disease. We owe thanks to the medical profession. They have suffered; hundreds have been killed and many more hundreds wounded. We should also thank the women, our trained and untrained nurses, whose tenderness and care for the wounded have earned thanks from the lips of hundreds of thousands of poor men whose lives have been saved, and who have been spared much suffering through their tender ministration. They have not escaped perils. Many have been killed by shell-fire, many of them drowned in hospital ships sunk with the sign of the Red Cross. We all owe them a debt of gratitude.

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The last paragraph in the Resolution is one I must say a word about, and it will be brief. There

are hundreds of thousands of sorrowing men and women in this land on account of the war. Their anguish is too deep to be expressed or to be comforted by words, but, judging the multitudes whom I know not by those I do know, there is not a single one of them who would recall the valiant dead to life at the price of their country's dishonour. The example of these brave men who have fallen has enriched the life and exalted the purpose of all people. You cannot have 4,000,000 of men in any land who voluntarily sacrificed everything the world can offer them in obedience to a higher call without ennobling the country from which they sprang, and the fallen, whilst they have illumined with a fresh lustre the glory of their native land, have touched with a new dignity the households which they left for the battlefield. There will be millions who will come back and live to tell children now unborn how a generation before in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and in the ends of the earth, the men of our race were willing to leave ease and comfort to face privation, torture, and death to win protection for the weak and justice for the oppressed. There are hundreds of thousands who will never come back. For them there will be for ages to come sacred memories in a myriad of homes, of brave, chivalrous men who gave up their young lives for justice, for right, for freedom in peril. This Resolution means that the greatest Empire on earth, through this House, thanks the living for the readiness with which they obeyed its sum-

mons and the gallantry with which they supported its behests. It also means that this great Empire, through this House, enters each home of the heroic dead, grasps the bereaved by the hand, and says, "The Empire owes you gratitude for your share of the sacrifice as well as for theirs, partakes in your pride for their valour, and in your grief for their fall."

THE CO-ORDINATION OF MILITARY EFFORT.

SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARIS ON THE SETTING UP OF THE
SUPREME ALLIED WAR COUNCIL, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1917.

I MUST claim your indulgence for taking up the time of so many men who hold great and responsible positions in the State and the Legislature at a moment when they can ill spare from the conduct of important affairs time for listening to speeches. My only apology is that I have important practical considerations to submit to you, which affect not merely the future of your own country and of mine, but the destiny of the world. I have one advantage in speaking of this war, in that I am almost the only Minister in any land, on either side, who has been in it from the beginning to this hour. I therefore ought to know something about the course of events and their hidden causes. Of both I want to say something to you to-day.

My friend and comrade, M. Painlevé, has explained to you the important decision taken by the Governments of France, Italy, and Great Britain in setting up a Supreme Council of the Allies whose forces operate in the West to ensure the united direction of their efforts on that front. As he has already explained, that Council will consist of the leading Ministers of the Al-

lied countries, advised by some of their most distinguished soldiers, and the choice which has already been made by these countries of their experts proves that the Governments mean this Council to be a real power in the co-ordination of their military effort.

Unfortunately, there was no time to consult America and Russia before setting up this Council. The Italian disaster and the need of immediate action to repair it rendered it essential that we should make a start with the Powers whose forces could be drawn upon for action on the Italian front. But in order to ensure the complete success of this great experiment—an experiment the success of which I believe to be essential to victory for the Allied cause—it is necessary that all our great Allies should be represented in its deliberations, and I look forward with confidence to securing the agreement of those two great countries and to their co-operation in the work of this Council.

There are two questions which may be asked with reference to the step which we have taken. Why are we taking it now? That is easy to answer. The second question is more difficult to find a satisfactory answer for—Why did we not take it before?

I propose to answer both. In regard to the first question, the events of the war have demonstrated, even to the most separatist and suspicious mind, the need for greater unity amongst the Allies in their war control. The Allies had on their side

—in spite of all that has happened they still have at their command—all the essential ingredients of victory. They have command of the sea, which has never yet failed to bring victory in the end to the Power that can hold out. On land they have the advantage in numbers, in weight of men and material, in economic and financial resources, and beyond and above all in the justice of their cause. In a prolonged war nothing counts as much as a good conscience. This combined with superiority ought ere now to have ensured victory for the Allies. At least it ought to have carried them much further along the road to victory than the point which they have yet reached. To the extent that they have failed in achieving their purpose, who and what are responsible?

Let us ruthlessly search out the answer to that question without undue regard to susceptibilities. The fate of the world is at stake and we have no right to think of anything but realities. The fault has not been with the Navies or with the Armies. We all admire the skill of our naval and military leaders. We are all enthralled with the valour of our sailors and soldiers. The defence of Verdun will be remembered with amazement and with pride until the world grows cold. Yea, and the story of the indomitable tenacity which won the crests of Passchendaele, after months of conflict almost unexampled in its fierce stubbornness, will make the mists of my native land ever glow with splendour. And let me say this word for the Italian Army in its hour of discomfiture: No one

can look at those frontier mountains without a thrill of respect for the gallantry that once stormed them in face of the entrenched legions of Austria.

Let us also be just to Russia. Russia is suffering from a violent fever, into which she has been driven by conditions of atrocious misgovernment. She is making a great struggle, and through fluctuations she is winning her way to steadier and cleaner health than she has ever yet enjoyed. She now lies stricken through no fault of her own. Let us not forget what she did in the early hours of the war, when her heroic sacrifice helped to save the West, in France and in Italy, from the cruel dominion of the Prussian. And there are the heroic little nations who have lost their lands. Let us not forget their gallantry, their sacrifice.

No, the fault has not been with the armies. It has been entirely due to the absence of real unity in the war direction of the Allied countries. We have all felt the need for it. We have all talked about it. We have passed endless resolutions resolving it. But it has never yet been achieved. In this important matter we have never passed from rhetoric into reality, from speech into strategy.

In spite of all the resolutions there has been no authority responsible for co-ordinating the conduct of the war on all fronts, and in the absence of that central authority each country was left to its own devices. We have gone on talking of the Eastern front and the Western front and the

Italian front and the Salonika front and the Egyptian front and the Mesopotamia front, forgetting that there is but one front with many flanks; that with these colossal armies the battlefield is continental.

As my colleagues here know very well, there have been many attempts made to achieve strategic unity. Conferences have been annually held to concert united action for the campaign of the coming year. Great generals came from many lands to Paris with carefully and skilfully prepared plans for their own fronts. In the absence of a genuine Inter-Allied Council of men responsible as much for one part of the battlefield as for another there was a sensitiveness, a delicacy about even tendering advice, letting alone support for any sector other than that for which the generals were themselves directly responsible. But there had to be an appearance of a strategic whole, so they all sat at the same table and, metaphorically, took thread and needle, sewed these plans together, and produced them to a subsequent civilian conference as one great strategic piece; and it was solemnly proclaimed to the world the following morning that the unity of the Allies was complete.

That unity, in so far as strategy went, was pure make-believe; and make-believe may live through a generation of peace—it cannot survive a week of war. It was a collection of completely independent schemes pieced together. Stitching is not strategy. So it came to pass that when these

plans were worked out in the terrible realities of war the stitches came out and disintegration was complete.

I know the answer that is given to an appeal for unity of control. It is that Germany and Austria are acting on interior lines, whereas we are on external lines. That is no answer. That fact simply affords an additional argument for unification of effort in order to overcome the natural advantages possessed by the foe.

You have only to summarise events to realise how many of the failures from which we have suffered are attributable to this one fundamental defect in the Allied war organisation. We have won great victories. When I look at the appalling casualty lists I sometimes wish it had not been necessary to win so many. Still, on one important part of the land front we have more than held our own. We have driven the enemy back. On the sea front we have beaten him, in spite of the infamy of the submarine warfare. We have achieved a great deal; I believe we should already have achieved all if in time we had achieved unity.

There is one feature of this war which makes it unique among all the innumerable wars of the past. It is a siege of nations. The Allies are blockading two huge Empires. It would have been well for us if at all times we had thoroughly grasped that fact. In a siege not only must every part of the line of circumvallation be strong enough to resist the strongest attack which the besieged can bring to bear upon it; more than that,

the besieging army must be ready to strike at the weakest point of the enemy, wherever that may be. Have we done so? Look at the facts.

The enemy was cut off by the Allied navies from all the rich lands beyond the seas, whence he had been drawing enormous stores of food and material. On the east he was blockaded by Russia, on the west by the armies of France, Britain, and Italy. But the south, the important south, with its gateway to the East, was left to be held by the forces of a small country with half the population of Belgium, its armies exhausted by the struggles of three wars and with two treacherous kings behind, lying in wait for an opportunity to knife it when it was engaged in defending itself against a mightier foe.

What was the result of this inconceivable blunder? What would any man whose mind was devoted to the examination of the whole, not merely to one part of the great battlefield, have expected to happen? Exactly what did happen. While we were hammering with the whole of our might at the impenetrable barrier in the West, the Central Powers, feeling confident that we could not break through, threw their weight on that little country, crushed her resistance, opened the gate to the East, and unlocked great stores of corn, cattle, and minerals, yea, unlocked the door of hope—all essential to enable Germany to sustain her struggle.

Without these additional stores Germany might have failed to support her armies at full strength.

Hundreds of thousands of splendid fighting material were added to the armies which Germany can control—added to her and lost to us. Turkey, which at that time had nearly exhausted its resources for war, cut off from the only possible source of supply, was re-equipped and resuscitated, and became once more a formidable military Power, whose activities absorbed hundreds of thousands of our best men in order to enable us at all to retain our prestige in the East. By this fatuity this terrible war was given new life.

Why was this incredible blunder perpetrated? The answer is simple. Because it was no one's business in particular to guard the gates of the Balkans. The one front had not become a reality. France and England were absorbed in other spheres. Italy had her mind on the Carso. Russia had a 1,000-mile frontier to guard, and, even if she had not, she could not get through to help Serbia, because Rumania was neutral. It is true we sent forces to Salonika to rescue Serbia, but, as usual, they were sent too late. They were sent when the mischief was complete. Half of those forces sent in time—nay, half the men who fell in the futile attempt to break through on the Western front in September of that year—would have saved Serbia, would have saved the Balkans and completed the blockade of Germany.

You may say that is an old story. I wish it were. It is simply the first chapter of a serial which has been running to this hour. 1915 was the year of tragedy for Serbia; 1916 was

the year of tragedy for Rumania. The story is too fresh in our memories to make it necessary for me to recapitulate events. What am I to say? I have nothing to say but that it was the Serbian story almost without a variation. It is incredible when you think of the consequences to the Allied cause of the Rumanian defeat. The rich corn and oil fields of Rumania passed to the foe. Germany was enabled to escape through to the harvest of 1917. The siege of the Central Powers was once more raised and this horrible war was once more prolonged. This could not have happened if there had been some central authority whose responsibility was to think out the problem of war for the whole battlefield. But once again France and England had the whole of their strength engaged in the bloody assaults of the Somme, Italy was fighting for her life on the Carso, Russia was engaged in the Carpathians, and there was no authority whose concern it was to prepare measures in advance for averting the doom of Rumania.

I you want to appreciate thoroughly how we were waging four wars and not one, I will give you one fact to reflect upon. In 1916 we had the same Conference in Paris and the same appearance of preparing one great strategic plan. But when the military power of Russia collapsed in March, what took place? If Europe had been treated as one battlefield you might have thought that when it was clear that a great army which was operating on one flank could not come up in

time, or even come into action at all, there would have been a change in strategy. Not in the least. Their plans proceeded exactly as if nothing had occurred in Russia. Why? Because their plans were essentially independent of each other and not part of a strategic whole. You will forgive me for talking quite plainly because this is no time for concealing or for glossing over facts. Was is pre-eminently a game where realities count. This is 1917. What has happened? I wish there had even been some variety in the character of the tragedy. But there has been the same disaster due to the same cause. Russia collapsed. Italy was menaced. The business of Russia is to look after her own front. It is the concern of Italy to look after her own war. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Disastrous! Fatal! The Italian front is just as important to France and Britain as it was to Germany. Germany understood that in time. Unfortunately we did not.

It is no use minimising the extent of the disaster. If you do, then you will never take adequate steps to repair it. When we advance a kilometre into the enemy's lines, snatch a small shattered village out of his cruel grip, capture a few hundreds of his soldiers, we shout with unfeigned joy. And rightly so, for it is the symbol of our superiority over a boastful foe and a sure guarantee that in the end we can and shall win.

But what if we had advanced fifty kilometres beyond his lines and made 200,000 of his soldiers prisoners and taken 2,500 of his best guns, with

enormous quantities of ammunition and stores? What print would we have for our headlines? Have you an idea how long it would take the arsenals of France and Great Britain to manufacture 2,500 guns?

At this moment the extent to which we can prevent this defeat from developing into a catastrophe depends upon the promptitude and completeness with which we break with our past and for the first time realise in action the essential unity of all the Allied fronts. I believe that we have at last learned this great lesson. That is the meaning of this Superior Council. If I am right in my conjectures then this Council will be given real power, the efforts of the Allies will be co-ordinated, and victory will await valour. We shall then live to bless even the Italian disaster, for without it I do not believe it would have been possible to secure real unity. Prejudices and suspicions would have kept us apart. Had we learned this lesson even three months ago what a difference it would have made!

I must read to you a message which appeared in *The Times* three days ago from its Washington Correspondent. It is a message of the first importance, for, in the words of an old English saying, "Outsiders see most of the game." And these shrewd men in America, calmly observing the course of events from a distance of thousands of miles, have come to conclusions which we would have done well to make ours years ago:—

“It is realised here that delicate questions of prestige exist between the great European nations engaged in the war, and that this militates against quick decisions and effective action when these are most needed. It is believed by some of President Wilson’s closest advisers that Germany owes much of her success in this war to her unity of control, which permits the full direction of all Teutonic efforts from Berlin. Indeed, it is felt here that unless the Allies can achieve a degree of co-ordination equal to that which has enabled Germany to score her striking, though perhaps ineffectual successes, she will be able to hold out far longer than otherwise would have been believed possible. American military experts believe that if the Allied help rushed to General Cadorna’s assistance to stem the tide of invasion had been thrown into the balance when Italy’s forces were within forty miles of Laibach, the Allies would have been able to force the road to Vienna. Victory at Laibach would have spelled a new Austerlitz, and the magnitude of the prize almost within his grasp is believed here to have justified General Cadorna in taking the risk of advancing his centre too far and temporarily weakening his left flank. The lack of co-operation between France, Great Britain, and Italy is blamed here for the disaster which ensued, and which it is believed would not have occurred if one supreme military authority had directed the combined operations of the Allies with the sole aim of victory without regard to any other considerations.”

You may say the American estimate of the possibilities of the Italian front for the Allies is too favourable. Why? It is not for me to express an

opinion. I am but a civilian; but I am entitled to point out that the Austrian Army is certainly not better than the Italian. On the contrary, whenever there was a straight fight between the Italians and the Austrians the former invariably won. And the Germans are certainly no better than the British and French troops. When there has been a straight fight between them we have invariably defeated their best and most vaunted regiments. And as for the difficulties of getting there, what we have already accomplished in the course of the last few days is the best answer to that.

But now I will answer the other question—Why was this not said before and why was this not done before? I have said it before, and I have tried to do it before, and so have some of my French colleagues that I see here. For weeks, for months, for years, at committees, at conferences, at consultations, until I almost became weary of the attempt. I have written it where it may be read and will be read when the time comes. I should like to be able to read you the statement submitted to the conference in Rome in January about the perils and possibilities of the Italian front this year, so that you might judge it in the light of subsequent events. I feel confident that nothing could more convincingly demonstrate the opportunities which the Allies have lost through lack of combined thought and action.

We have latterly sought strenuously to improve matters by more frequent conferences and consultations, and there is no doubt that substantial

improvement has been effected. As the result of that conference in Rome and the subsequent consultations, arrangements were made which shortened considerably the period within which aid could be given to Italy in the event of her being attacked. And if the tragedies of Serbia and Rumania are not to be repeated—and I feel assured that they will not, in spite of the very untoward circumstances—it will be because the preparations made as the result of the Rome Conference have materially affected the situation. But if there had been real co-ordination of the military efforts of the Allies we should now have been engaged in Italy not in averting disaster from our Allies, but in inflicting disaster upon our enemies. That is why we have come to the conclusion that for the cumbrous and clumsy machinery of conferences there shall be substituted a permanent council whose duty it will be to survey the whole field of military endeavour with a view to determining where and how the resources of the Allies can be most effectually employed. Personally I had made up my mind that, unless some change were effected, I could no longer remain responsible for a war direction doomed to disaster for lack of unity.

The Italian disaster may yet save the alliance, for without it I do not believe that even now we should have set up a real Council. National and professional traditions, prestige, and susceptibilities all conspired to render nugatory our best resolutions. There was no one in particular to

blame. It was an inherent difficulty in getting so many independent nations, so many independent organisations, to merge all their individual idiosyncrasies and to act together as if they were one people. Now that we have set up this Council our business is to see that the unity which it represents is a fact and not a fraud.

It is for this reason that I have spoken to-day with perhaps brutal frankness, at the risk of much misconception here and elsewhere, and perhaps at some risk of giving temporary encouragement to the foe. This Council has been set up. It has started its work. But particularism will again reassert itself, because it represents permanent forces deeply entrenched in every political and military organisation. And it is only by means of public opinion awakened to real danger that you can keep these narrow instincts and interests, with the narrow vision and outlook which they involve, from reasserting their dominance and once more plunging us into the course of action which produced the tragedies of Serbia and Rumania and has very nearly produced an even deeper tragedy for Italy. The war has been prolonged by sectionalism; it will be shortened by solidarity.

If this effort at achieving solidarity is made a reality, I have no doubt of the issue of the war. The weight of men, material, and *moral*, with all its meaning, is on our side. I say so, whatever may happen to, or in, Russia. I am not one of those who despair of Russia. A Revolutionary Russia can never be anything but a menace to

Hohenzollernism. But even if I were in despair of Russia, my faith in the ultimate triumph of the Allied cause would remain unshaken. The tried democracies of France, Great Britain, and Italy, with the aid of the mighty democracy of the West, must win in the end. Autocracy may be better for swift striking, but Freedom is the best stayer. We shall win, but I want to win as soon as possible. I want to win with as little sacrifice as possible. I want as many as possible of that splendid young manhood which has helped to win victory to live through to enjoy its fruits.

Unity—not sham unity, but real unity—is the only sure pathway to victory. The magnitude of the sacrifices made by the people of all the Allied countries ought to impel us to suppress all minor appeals in order to attain the common purpose of all this sacrifice. All personal, all sectional, considerations should be relentlessly suppressed. This is one of the greatest hours in the history of mankind. Let us not dishonour greatness with pettiness.

I have just returned from Italy, where I saw your fine troops marching cheerily to face their ancient foes, marching past battlefields where men of their race once upon a time wrought deeds which now constitute part of the romance of this old world—Arcola, Lodi, Marengo. We met the King of Italy on the battlefield of Solferino, and we there again saw French soldiers pass on to defend the freedom which their fathers helped to win with their blood. When I saw them in such

environment I thought that France has a greater gift for sacrificing herself for human liberty than any nation in the world. And as I reflected on the sacrifices she had made in this war for freedom of mankind I had a sob in my heart. You assembled here to-day must be proud that you have been called to be leaders of so great a people at so great an hour. And as one who sincerely loves France, you will forgive me for saying that I know that, in the discharge of your trust, you will in all things seek to be worthy of so glorious a land.

“NO HALFWAY HOUSE.”

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT GRAY'S INN, DECEMBER 14TH, 1917.

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THE danger is not the extreme pacifist. I am not afraid of him. But I warn the nation to watch the man who thinks that there is a halfway house between victory and defeat. There is no halfway house between victory and defeat. These are the men who think that you can end the war now by some sort of what they call pact of peace, by the setting up of a League of Nations with conditions as to arbitration in the event of disputes, with provision for disarmament, and with a solemn covenant on the part of all nations to sign a treaty on those lines, and not merely to abide by it themselves, but to help to enforce it against any nation that dares to break it.

That is the right policy after victory. Without victory it would be a farce. Why, we are engaged in a war because an equally solemn treaty was treated as a scrap of paper. Who would sign the new treaty? I presume, among others, the people who have so far successfully broken the last. Who would enforce the new treaty? I presume that they would be the nations that have

so far not quite succeeded in enforcing the last. To end the war entered on, to enforce a treaty without reparation for the infringement of that treaty, merely by entering into a new, a more sweeping and a more comprehensive treaty, would be, indeed, a farce in the setting of a tragedy. We must take care not to be misled by mere words—"league of nations," "disarmament," "arbitration," "security." They are all great and blessed phrases, but without the vitalising force of victory they are nothing but words. You cannot wage war with words. You cannot secure peace with words. You cannot long cover defeat with words. Unless there are deeds behind them, they are but dead leaves which the first storm will scatter and reveal your strangled and abandoned purpose to the world.

We ought never to have started unless we meant, at all hazards, to complete our task. There is nothing so fatal to character as half-finished tasks. I can understand, although I cannot respect, the attitude of the man—and there are a few—who said from the first, "Do not interfere, whatever happens." When you said to them, "Supposing the Prussians overrun Belgium?" their answer was, "Let them overrun Belgium!" If you said, "We promised solemnly to protect Belgium against all invaders, and we ought to stand by our word," they replied, "We ought never to have given our word." If you said to them, "What if the Germans trample in the mire our friends and neighbours, the free Republic of France?"

they answered, “That is not our business.” If you asked, “What if they murder innocent people, old and young, male and female, burn cities and ravage and outrage before your eyes?” in effect they said, “Let them perpetrate every crime in the calendar so long as it is not done in our land. What concern is it of ours? Are we our brothers’ keepers? Let us not meddle and provoke anger which might disturb our serenity and our comfort.” In fact, as one leading journalist put it with shameless candour, “Let us rather profit by manufacturing goods for both sides; for the assassins as well as for the survivors among our friends.”

That is not an exalted line to take, but it is a definite and clear line of action, intelligible in consciences of a certain quality. “Ourselves first, ourselves last, ourselves all the time, and ourselves alone.” It is pretty mean, but there are in every country men built that way, and you must reckon with them in the world. But the man I cannot comprehend is the sort of man who, when he first saw these outrages, called out, his generous soul aflame with righteous wrath, “In the name of Heaven let us leap in and arrest this infamy, and if we fail, then at least let us punish the perpetrators so as to make it impossible for it to happen again.” And having said all this and having helped to commit the nation to that career of honour, now, before the task is nearly accomplished, he suddenly turns round and says, “I have had enough of this. It is time it should

come to an end. Let us shake hands with the malefactor. Let us trade with him to our mutual advantage."

The Terms Germany Offers.

He is not to be asked for reparation for damage done. He need not even apologise. He is simply invited to enter into a bargain to join with you in punching the head of the next man who dares to imitate his villainies. And we are told that we can have peace now on these terms. Germany has said so, Austria has said so, the Pope has said so. It must, therefore, be true. Of course it is true. Why should they refuse peace on such terms, especially as it would leave them with some of the richest provinces and fairest cities of Russia in their pockets? There are distinguished judges present. They are often called on to administer justice for offences not unlike those committed by Prussia. It is true that rarely have they had before them a criminal who, in his own person, has committed all these offences—murder, arson, rape, burglary, fraud, piracy. Supposing next time they try such a case, and are tired out by the insistence of the prisoner's advocate, they were to turn to the offender and say "This is a profitless business. We are wasting a good deal of money and valuable time. I am weary of it. I want to get back to more useful work. If I let you off now without any punishment beyond that which is necessarily entailed

in the expenses which you have been put to in defending your honour, will you promise me to help the police to catch the next burglar? If you agree to these terms I propose to enrol you now as a special constable. I will now formally put on your armlet, and, by the way, if you leave me your address I will promise to cement the good feeling which I wish to prevail in future between us, to deal at your store without further inquiry as to where, or how, you got the goods. I might add that you need not worry to return the stuff you stole from your next-door neighbour on your right, as I understand he has withdrawn his claim to restoration.”

Now, what do you think would be the effect on crime? It is idle to talk of security to be won by such feeble means. There is no security in any land without certainty of punishment. There is no protection for life, property, or money in a State where the criminal is more powerful than the law. The law of nations is no exception, and, until it has been vindicated, the peace of the world will always be at the mercy of any nation whose professors have assiduously taught it to believe that no crime is wrong so long as it leads to the aggrandisement and enrichment of the country to which they owe allegiance. There have been many times in the history of the world criminal States. We are dealing with one of them now. And there will always be criminal States until the reward of international crime becomes too precarious to make it profitable, and the punishment of inter-

national crime becomes too sure to make it attractive.

Victory Essential for Security.

Let there be no doubt as to the alternatives with which we are confronted. One of them is to make easy terms with the triumphant outlaw, as men are driven to do in order to buy immunity in lands where there is no authority to enforce law. That is one course. It means abasing ourselves in terror before lawlessness. It means, ultimately, a world intimidated by successful bandits. The other is to go through with our divine task of vindicating justice, so as to establish a righteous and everlasting peace for ourselves and for our children. Surely no nation with any regard for its interests, for its self-respect, for its honour, can hesitate a moment in its choice. Victory is an essential condition for the security of a free world. All the same, intensely as I realise that, if I thought things would get no better the longer you fought, not merely would there be no object in prolonging the war, but to do so would be infamous. Wantonly to sacrifice brave lives, nay, to force brave men to endure for one profitless hour the terrible conditions of this war merely because statesmen had not the courage to face the obloquy which would be involved in agreeing to an unsatisfactory peace, would be a black crime when we remember what we owe to these gallant men. It is because I am firmly convinced that, despite some untoward events, despite discouraging

appearances, we are making steady progress towards the goal we set in front of us in 1914, that I would regard peace overtures to Prussia, at the very moment when the Prussian military spirit is drunk with boastfulness, as a betrayal of the great trust with which my colleagues and I have been charged.

"Complete the Bridge."

Much of the progress we are making may not be visible except to those whose business it is to search out the facts. The victories of Germany are all blazoned forth to the world. Her troubles appear in no Press *communiqués* or wireless messages, but we know something of these. The deadly grip of the British Navy is having its effect, and the valour of our troops is making an impression which in the end will tell. We are laying surely the foundation of the bridge which, when it is complete, will carry us into the new world. The river is, for the moment, in spate, and some of the scaffolding has been carried away, and much of the progress we had made seems submerged and hidden, and there are men who say, "Let us abandon the enterprise altogether. It is too costly. It is impracticable of achievement. Let us rather build a pontoon bridge of new treaties, league of nations, understandings." It might last you some time. It would always be shaky and uncertain. It would not bear much strain. It would not carry heavy traffic, and the first flood would sweep it away. Let us get along

with the pile-driving, and make a real, solid, permanent structure.

“Sanity of Outlook.”

Meanwhile, let us maintain our steadiness and sanity of outlook. There are people who are too apt at one moment to get unduly elated at victories which are but incidents in the great march of events, and the same people get unwholesomely depressed by defeats which, again, are nothing more than incidents. The very persons who within the last fortnight have been organising a nervous breakdown in the nation some weeks ago were organising a hysterical shout over our victories in Flanders and at Cambrai. We were breaking through the enemy's barrier. We were rolling up the German armies and clearing them out of Belgium and the North of France. They remind me of a clock I used to pass at one time in my life almost every day. It worried me a great deal, for whatever the time of the day the finger always pointed at 12 o'clock. If you trusted that clock you would have believed it was either noon or midnight. There are people of that type in this war who one moment point to the high noon of triumph and the next to the black midnight of defeat or despair. There is no twilight. There is no morning. They can claim a certain consistency, for they are always at 12, but you will find that their mainspring in this war is out of repair. We must go through all the hours, minute by minute,

second by second, with a steady swing, and the hour of the dawn will in due time strike.

The Russian Collapse.

This is not the most propitious hour. Russia threatens to retire out of the war and leave the French democracy, whose loyalty to the word they passed to Russia brought on them the horrors of this war, to shift for themselves. I do not wish to minimise in the least the gravity of this decision. Had Russia been in a condition to exert her strength this year, we might now be in a position to impose fair and rational terms of peace. By her retirement she threatens Hohenzollernism and weakens the forces of democracy. Her action will not lead, as she imagines, to universal peace. It will simply prolong the agony of the world, and it will inevitably put her in bondage to the military dominance of Prussia. But if Russia persists in her present policy, then the withdrawal from the Eastern flank of the enemy of forces which have hitherto absorbed over a third of his strength must release hundreds of thousands of his troops and masses of material to attack Britain, France, and Italy. It is a serious addition to our task, which was already formidable enough. It would be folly to underrate the danger. It would be equally folly, on the other hand, to exaggerate it. The greatest folly of all would be not to face it.

America.

If the Russian democracy have decided to abandon the struggle against military autocracy, the American democracy are taking it up. This is the most momentous fact of the year. It has transposed the whole situation. The Russians are a great-hearted people, and valiantly have they fought in this war, but they have always been—certainly throughout this war—the worst organised State in Europe, and Britain, with but a third of the population of Russia, has been, for the last two years, a more formidable military obstacle to Germany. Had you asked Germany, not now, but even a year ago, which country she would prefer to see out of the war, I do not think that there would have been any doubt about her answer. But what about America? There is no more powerful country in the world than the United States of America, with their gigantic resources and their indomitable people. And if Russia is out, America is coming in with both arms. If this is the worst moment, it is because Russia has stepped out and America is only preparing to come in. Her army is not ready. Her equipment is not complete, her tonnage has not been built. Every hour that passes, the gap formed by the retirement of the Russians will be filled by the valiant sons of the great American Republic. Soon it will be more than filled. Germany knows it. Austria knows it. Hence the desperate efforts which they

are making to force the issue before America is ready. They will not succeed.

Greater Efforts and Greater Sacrifices.

All the same, these two unfortunate circumstances—the collapse of Russia and the temporary defeat of Italy—undoubtedly cast on us a heavier share of the burden until the strength of America is ready to come underneath to share it. We must, therefore, be prepared for greater efforts, for greater sacrifices. It is not the time to cower, to falter, or to hesitate. It is the time for the nation to plant its feet more firmly than ever on the ground and to square its shoulders to bear the increased weight cast on it by events.

When I talk of the nation I do not mean the nation in the abstract, but the millions of individuals who constitute the nation. If we are to win the security which it is the common purpose of all sections to attain, every man and every woman must be prepared for greater endeavours and greater sacrifices. A friend of mine, speaking the other day, said that there was not the enthusiasm observable which characterised the early days of the war. That may be so. If a man undertakes a long, arduous and perilous journey you do not expect him in the fatiguing hours of the afternoon to exhibit the same ardour as when he started in the freshness of the morning. But although he may not display the same keenness in his demeanour, if he is a man of any purpose, his ardour may

be less, but his resolution is greater. There is a hot zeal and a cold zeal, and the greatest things of the world have been accomplished by the latter. The will of Britain is as tempered steel. There is no sign of a break in it, and, although the pressure may increase and will increase, I have never doubted that it will bear it all right to the end.

Man-Power and Tonnage.

We shall have to call on the nation for further effort, for further sacrifice, but we shall only do so because it is absolutely necessary now. Premature sacrifice is waste of *moral*. There must be a further drain on our man-power to sustain, until the American Army arrives, the additional burden cast on us by the defection of Russia and the reverses in Italy. We must have enough men to defend the lines which we have held against fierce onsets for three years, and to defend them against all comers from any quarter of the enemy front. We must also have an army of manœuvre which will enable us to appear with the least delay at any point of emergency in any part of the colossal battlefield. There is no ground for panic. Even now, after we have sent troops to the assistance of Italy, the Allies have a marked superiority of numbers in France and Flanders, and we have considerable reserves at home. Much greater progress has been made in man-power, especially during the last few months, than either friends or

foes realise, but it is not enough to enable us to face new contingencies without anxiety unless we take further steps to increase our reserves of trained men.

Before I leave this branch of the subject I must, however, add another important consideration. While the Cabinet are prepared with recommendations for raising more men, they are conducting a searching investigation, with the assistance of our military advisers, into the best methods of husbanding the man-power already existing in our Armies, so as to reduce the terrible wastage of war.

But the problem of man-power does not end with the provision of men for the Armies. It is not even the most urgent part of the problem. We need more men, not merely for the battle line across the seas, but for the battle line in this country. We especially need men to help us to solve the problems associated with tonnage. You can increase tonnage in two ways—by building tonnage and by saving tonnage. Victory is now a question of tonnage, and tonnage is victory. Nothing else can defeat us now but shortage of tonnage. The advent of the United States into the war has increased the demand enormously. Tonnage must be provided for the transportation of that gigantic new army with its equipment across thousands of miles of sea. It is no use raising ten million men and equipping them unless you get them somewhere in the vicinity of the foe. Germany has gambled on America's failure to

transport her army to Europe, and that is why she is still laughing at the colossal figures of soldiers in training and aeroplanes in course of construction. We know that the Prussian war lords have promised their own people, have promised their allies that these formidable masses will never find their way into the battle line, and that President Wilson's speeches, M. Clemenceau's speeches, and my speeches will thus be added to the vast collection of unredeemed rhetoric with which, according to them, democracies have always deluded themselves.

The Prussian claim is that autocracy alone can do things, and that democracies can only talk of doing things. The honour of democracy is at stake. I have no doubt that here, as in many other respects, those who trust the Prussian will be disillusioned; but both America and ourselves will have to strain our resources to the utmost to increase the tonnage available. The fact that American tonnage will be absorbed in the transport of their own armies makes it necessary that we should increase our responsibilities in the matter of assisting our French and our Italian Allies to transport essential commodities to their shores. We must, therefore, increase our tonnage. In spite of the fact that we have had less labour available in this, the fourth, year of the war than we have ever had before, we have increased the shipbuilding of war and merchant vessels beyond the record of any other war years; and, as Sir Eric Geddes stated in the House of Commons, we are now

turning out ships at a rate which is above that of the record year of shipbuilding in the days of peace.

But we must do more. As the whole future of this country and of the world depends on the efforts Britain and America make this next year to increase the output of ships, we are resolved that it must, and shall, be done. But we must have men; and to have men we must interfere, even to a greater extent than we have done already, with the industries which are not absolutely essential for the prosecution of the war or to the maintenance of the life of the nation. And, however great the hardships that may be inflicted by this interference on the particular trades involved, we must ask the nation to support us. And I feel certain that the trades themselves will show that patriotism which has characterised every section of the community in this great national endeavour.

I would only add one further word about shipping. As I have already pointed out, you can increase tonnage in two ways—by building tonnage and by saving tonnage. I have dealt with the first. I will say a word about the second. You save tonnage by economising—economising in food, economising in dress. You save tonnage by increasing the production in this country of material formerly imported from abroad—food, timber, minerals. All this involves additional labour. As to food, this year we increased the home production by two or three million tons. We are the only belligerents who have succeeded in increasing our

food output during the war, and great credit is due to those who by a superb feat of organisation and inspiration, have achieved this result. But it is essential that we should still further increase the home supplies. We must save another three million tons in our food imports next year. This means that all those who have land, either as owners or cultivators, must help us, must without delay show their readiness to fall in with plans for increasing the produce of the land. We shall do our best to provide the necessary labour and machinery, and I am confident that we shall succeed. But all prejudices, all predilections, must be swept aside. The nation must be saved. Victory must come first. Two or three million tons more food raised in this country means two or three million tons of shipping made available for strengthening the armies in the field. Every ton of food which you produce or save in this country is an increased weight hurled against the Prussian barrier.

“Carry It Through.”

The nation can help by giving up the things which are not essential to victory. We must strip even barer for the fight. The nation can help in another way—by discouraging “grouzers.” “Grousing” undermines *moral*, and when it is a question of holding out, the national *moral* is vital. You cannot expect things to go on smoothly in war as they do in peace. You can realise how much the ordinary life of the nation has been disturbed

by the simple transposition of the figures of our War Budget into terms of the amount of national energy which its huge sums are intended to purchase. You cannot take millions of men away from the tasks of supplying the peace needs of the community without seriously interfering with the comforts and amenities of the life of that community. The wonder is that the disturbance has not been greater, and I feel that we owe much gratitude to the experienced and able business men who, in various directions, have undertaken to organise the resources of the State for war, for the services which they have rendered not merely in increasing our efficiency for war, but in minimising the evils and inconveniences of war.

It is a remarkable fact that, although our imports have enormously diminished, there is less hunger in the land to-day than in August, 1914. I ask you to help these men and not to “rattle” them. The strain on them is enormous. Make their task easier. There are some people engaged in a constant and systematic grumble. The peace propaganda is fed with grumbles. These people are anxious to break down the national nerve and then to rush us into a premature and disastrous peace. Let us beware of playing their game. We have challenged a sinister power which is menacing the world with enslavement. It would have been better never to have issued the challenge unless we meant to carry it through. A challenged power which is not overthrown always becomes stronger for the challenge. The people who think

that they can begin a new era of peace while the Prussian military power is unbeaten are labouring under a strange delusion. We have all been dreaming of a new world to appear when the deluge of war has subsided. Unless we achieve victory for the great cause for which we entered this war the new world will simply be the old world with the heart out of it.

The old world, at least, believed in ideals. It believed that justice, fair play, liberty, righteousness must triumph in the end; that is, however you interpret the phrase, the old world believed in God, and it staked its existence on that belief. Millions of gallant young men volunteered to die for that divine faith. But if wrong emerged triumphant out of this conflict, the new world would feel in its soul that brute force alone counted in the government of man; and the hopelessness of the dark ages would once more fall on the earth like a cloud. To redeem Britain, to redeem Europe, to redeem the world from this doom must be the settled purpose of every man and woman who places duty above ease. This is the fateful hour of mankind. If we are worthy of the destiny with which it is charged, untold generations of men will thank God for the strength which He gave us to endure to the end.

THE WAR AIMS OF THE ALLIES.

SPEECH DELIVERED TO DELEGATES OF THE TRADES UNIONS,
AT THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, JANUARY 5TH, 1918.

WHEN the Government invite organised Labour in this country to assist them to maintain the might of their armies in the field, its representatives are entitled to ask that any misgivings and doubts which any of them may have about the purpose to which this precious strength is to be applied should be definitely cleared, and what is true of organised labour is equally true of all citizens in this country without regard to grade or avocation.

When men by the million are being called upon to suffer and die and vast populations are being subjected to the sufferings and privations of war on a scale unprecedented in the history of the world, they are entitled to know for what cause or causes they are making the sacrifice. It is only the clearest, greatest, and justest of causes that can justify the continuance even for one day of this unspeakable agony of the nations. And we ought to be able to state clearly and definitely not only the principles for which we are fighting, but also their definite and concrete application to the war map of the world.

We have arrived at the most critical hour in this

terrible conflict, and before any Government takes the fateful decision as to the conditions under which it ought either to terminate or continue the struggle, it ought to be satisfied that the conscience of the nation is behind these conditions, for nothing else can sustain the effort which is necessary to achieve a righteous end to this war. I have therefore during the last few days taken special pains to ascertain the view and the attitude of representative men of all sections of thought and opinion in the country. Last week I had the privilege not merely of perusing the declared war aims of the Labour Party, but also of discussing in detail with the Labour leaders the meaning and intention of that declaration. I have also had an opportunity of discussing this same momentous question with Mr. Asquith and Viscount Grey. Had it not been that the Nationalist leaders are in Ireland engaged in endeavouring to solve the tangled problem of Irish self-government, I should have been happy to exchange views with them, but Mr. Redmond, speaking on their behalf, has, with his usual lucidity and force, in many of his speeches, made clear what his ideas are as to the object and purpose of the war. I have also had the opportunity of consulting certain representatives of the great Dominions overseas.

I am glad to be able to say as a result of all these discussions that although the Government are alone responsible for the actual language I propose using, there is national agreement as to the character and purpose of our war aims and

peace conditions, and in what I say to you to-day, and through you to the world, I can venture to claim that I am speaking not merely the mind of the Government, but of the nation and of the Empire as a whole.

What We Are Not Fighting For.

We may begin by clearing away some misunderstandings and stating what we are *not* fighting for. We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people. Their leaders have persuaded them that they are fighting a war of self-defence against a league of rival nations bent on the destruction of Germany. That is not so. The destruction or disruption of Germany or the German people has never been a war aim with us from the first day of this war to this day. Most reluctantly, and, indeed, quite unprepared for the dreadful ordeal, we were forced to join in this war in self-defence, in defence of the violated public law of Europe, and in vindication of the most solemn treaty obligations on which the public system of Europe rested, and on which Germany had ruthlessly trampled in her invasion of Belgium. We had to join in the struggle or stand aside and see Europe go under and brute force triumph over public right and international justice. It was only the realisation of that dreadful alternative that forced the British people into the war. And from that original attitude they have never swerved. They have never aimed at the break-up of the

German peoples or the disintegration of their State or country. Germany has occupied a great position in the world. It is not our wish or intention to question or destroy that position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from hopes and schemes of military domination and to see her devote all her strength to the great beneficent tasks of the world. Nor are we fighting to destroy Austria-Hungary or to deprive Turkey of its capital, or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race.

Nor did we enter this war merely to alter or destroy the Imperial Constitution of Germany, much as we consider that military autocratic Constitution a dangerous anachronism in the twentieth century. Our point of view is that the adoption of a really democratic Constitution by Germany would be the most convincing evidence that in her the old spirit of military domination had indeed died in this war, and would make it much easier for us to conclude a broad democratic peace with her. But, after all, that is a question for the German people to decide.

The Enemy's War Aims Pronouncements.

It is now more than a year since the President of the United States, then neutral, addressed to the belligerents a suggestion that each side should state clearly the aims for which they were fight-

ing. We and our Allies responded by the Note of January 10, 1917.

To the President's appeal the Central Empires made no reply, and in spite of many adjurations, both from their opponents and from neutrals, they have maintained a complete silence as to the objects for which they are fighting. Even on so crucial a matter as their intention with regard to Belgium they have uniformly declined to give any trustworthy indication.

On December 25 last, however, Count Czernin, speaking on behalf of Austria-Hungary and her allies, did make a pronouncement of a kind. It is indeed deplorably vague. We are told that "it is not the intention" of the Central Powers "to appropriate forcibly" any occupied territories or "to rob of its independence" any nation which has lost its "political independence" during the war. It is obvious that almost any scheme of conquest and annexation could be perpetrated within the literal interpretation of such a pledge.

Does it mean that Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania will be as independent and as free to direct their own destinies as the Germans or any other nation? Or does it mean that all manner of interferences and restrictions, political and economic, incompatible with the status and dignity of a freed self-respecting people, are to be imposed? If this is the intention, then there will be one kind of independence for a great nation and an inferior kind of independence for a small nation. We must know what is meant, for equality of right

amongst nations, small as well as great, is one of the fundamental issues this country and her Allies are fighting to establish in this war. Reparation for the wanton damage inflicted on Belgian towns and villages and their inhabitants is emphatically repudiated. The rest of the so-called "offer" of the Central Powers is almost entirely a refusal of all concessions. All suggestions about the autonomy of subject nationalities are ruled out of the peace terms altogether. The question whether any form of self-government is to be given to Arabs, Armenians, or Syrians is declared to be entirely a matter for the Sublime Porte. A pious wish for the protection of minorities "in so far as it is practically realisable" is the nearest approach to liberty which the Central statesmen venture to make.

Government by Consent.

On one point only are they perfectly clear and definite. Under no circumstances will the "German demand" for the restoration of the whole of Germany's colonies be departed from. All principles of self-determination, or, as our earlier phrase goes, government by consent of the governed, here vanish into thin air.

It is impossible to believe that any edifice of permanent peace could be erected on such a foundation as this. Mere lip service to the formula of no annexations and no indemnities or the right of self-determination is useless. Before any negotia-

tions can ever be begun, the Central Powers must realise the essential facts of the situation.

The days of the Treaty of Vienna are long past. We can no longer submit the future of European civilisation to the arbitrary decisions of a few negotiators striving to secure by chicanery or persuasion the interests of this or that dynasty or nation. The settlement of the new Europe must be based on such grounds of reason and justice as will give some promise of stability. Therefore it is that we feel that government with the consent of the governed must be the basis of any territorial settlement in this war. For that reason also, unless treaties be upheld, unless every nation is prepared at whatever sacrifice to honour the national signature, it is obvious that no Treaty of Peace can be worth the paper on which it is written.

Restoration and Reparation.

The first requirement, therefore, always put forward by the British Government and their Allies, has been the complete restoration, political, territorial, and economic, of the independence of Belgium and such reparation as can be made for the devastation of its towns and provinces. This is no demand for war indemnity, such as that imposed on France by Germany in 1871. It is not an attempt to shift the cost of warlike operations from one belligerent to another, which may or may not be defensible. It is no more and no less than an

insistence that, before there can be any hope for a stable peace, this great breach of the public law of Europe must be repudiated and, so far as possible, repaired. Reparation means recognition. Unless international right is recognised by insistence on payment for injury done in defiance of its canons it can never be a reality. Next comes the restoration of Serbia, Montenegro, and the occupied parts of France, Italy, and Rumania. The complete withdrawal of the alien armies and the reparation for injustice done is a fundamental condition of permanent peace.

We mean to stand by the French democracy to the death in the demand they make for a reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871, when, without any regard to the wishes of the population, two French provinces were torn from the side of France and incorporated in the German Empire. This sore has poisoned the peace of Europe for half a century, and until it is cured healthy conditions will not have been restored. There can be no better illustration of the folly and wickedness of using a transient military success to violate national right.

Russia.

I will not attempt to deal with the question of the Russian territories now in German occupation. The Russian policy since the Revolution has passed so rapidly through so many phases that it is difficult to speak without some suspension of

judgment as to what the situation will be when the final terms of European peace come to be discussed. Russia accepted war with all its horrors because, true to her traditional guardianship of the weaker communities of her race, she stepped in to protect Serbia from a plot against her independence. It is this honourable sacrifice which brought not merely Russia into the war, but France as well. France, true to the conditions of her treaty with Russia, stood by her Ally in a quarrel which was not her own. Her chivalrous respect for her treaty led to the wanton invasion of Belgium; and the treaty obligations of Great Britain to that little land brought us into the war.

The present rulers of Russia are now engaged, without any reference to the countries whom Russia brought into the war, in separate negotiations with their common enemy. I am indulging in no reproaches; I am merely stating facts with a view to making it clear why Britain cannot be held accountable for decisions taken in her absence, and concerning which she has not been consulted or her aid invoked. No one who knows Prussia and her designs upon Russia can for a moment doubt her ultimate intention. Whatever phrases she may use to delude Russia, she does not mean to surrender one of the fair provinces or cities of Russia now occupied by her forces. Under one name or another—and the name hardly matters—these Russian provinces will henceforth be in reality part of the dominions of Prussia. They will be ruled by the Prussian sword in the interests of

Prussian autocracy, and the rest of the people of Russia will be partly enticed by specious phrases and partly bullied by the threat of continued war against an impotent army into a condition of complete economic and ultimate political enslavement to Germany. We all deplore the prospect. The democracy of this country mean to stand to the last by the democracies of France and Italy and all our other Allies. We shall be proud to fight to the end side by side by the new democracy of Russia; so will America and so will France and Italy. But if the present rulers of Russia take action which is independent of their Allies we have no means of intervening to arrest the catastrophe which is assuredly befalling their country. Russia can only be saved by her own people.

We believe, however, that an independent Poland, comprising all those genuinely Polish elements who desire to form part of it, is an urgent necessity for the stability of Western Europe.

Austria-Hungary.

Similarly, though we agree with President Wilson that the break-up of Austria-Hungary is no part of our war aims, we feel that, unless genuine self-government on true democratic principles is granted to those Austro-Hungarian nationalities who have long desired it, it is impossible to hope for the removal of those causes of unrest in that part of Europe which have so long threatened its general peace.

On the same grounds we regard as vital the satisfaction of the legitimate claims of the Italians for union with those of their own race and tongue. We also mean to press that justice be done to men of Rumanian blood and speech in their legitimate aspirations. If these conditions are fulfilled, Austria-Hungary would become a Power whose strength would conduce to the permanent peace and freedom of Europe, instead of being merely an instrument to the pernicious military autocracy of Prussia that uses the resources of its allies for the furtherance of its own sinister purposes.

Turkey.

Outside Europe we believe that the same principles should be applied. While we do not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race with its capital at Constantinople—the passage between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea being internationalised and neutralised—Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine are in our judgment entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions.

What the exact form of that recognition in each particular case should be need not here be discussed, beyond stating that it would be impossible to restore to their former sovereignty the territories to which I have already referred.

Much has been said about the arrangements we have entered into with our Allies on this and on

other subjects. I can only say that as new circumstances, like the Russian collapse and the separate Russian negotiations, have changed the conditions under which those arrangements were made, we are, and always have been, perfectly ready to discuss them with our Allies.

The German Colonies.

With regard to the German colonies, I have repeatedly declared that they are held at the disposal of a Conference whose decision must have primary regard to the wishes and interests of the native inhabitants of such colonies. None of those territories are inhabited by Europeans. The governing consideration, therefore, in all these cases must be that the inhabitants should be placed under the control of an administration acceptable to themselves, one of whose main purposes will be to prevent their exploitation for the benefit of European capitalists or Governments. The natives live in their various tribal organisations under chiefs and councils who are competent to consult and speak for their tribes and members, and thus to represent their wishes and interests in regard to their disposal.

The general principle of national self-determination is therefore as applicable in their cases as in those of occupied European territories. The German declaration, that the natives of the German colonies have, through their military fidelity in the war, shown their attachment and resolve

under all circumstances to remain with Germany, is applicable not to the German colonies generally, but only to one of them, and in that case (German East Africa) the German authorities secured the attachment, not of the native population as a whole, which is and remains profoundly anti-German, but only of a small warlike class from whom their Askaris, or soldiers, were selected. These they attached to themselves by conferring on them a highly privileged position as against the bulk of the native population, which enabled these Askaris to assume a lordly and oppressive superiority over the rest of the natives. By this and other means they secured the attachment of a very small and insignificant minority whose interests were directly opposed to those of the rest of the population, and for whom they have no right to speak. The German treatment of their native populations in their colonies has been such as amply to justify their fear of submitting the future of those colonies to the wishes of the natives themselves.

Violation of International Law. -

Finally, there must be reparation for injuries done in violation of international law. The Peace Conference must not forget our seamen and the services they have rendered to, and the outrages they have suffered for, the common cause of freedom.

Creation of an International Organisation.

One omission we notice in the proposal of the Central Powers which seems to us especially regrettable. It is desirable, and indeed essential, that the settlement after this war shall be one which does not in itself bear the seed of future war. But that is not enough. However wisely and well we may make territorial and other arrangements, there will still be many subjects of international controversy. Some, indeed, are inevitable.

The economic conditions at the end of the war will be in the highest degree difficult. Owing to the diversion of human effort to warlike pursuits, there must follow a world-shortage of raw materials, which will increase the longer the war lasts, and it is inevitable that those countries which have control of the raw materials will desire to help themselves and their friends first.

Apart from this, whatever settlement is made will be suitable only to the circumstances under which it is made, and as those circumstances change, changes in the settlement will be called for.

So long as the possibility of dispute between nations continues, that is to say, so long as men and women are dominated by passion and ambition and war is the only means of settling a dispute, all nations must live under the burden not only of having from time to time to engage in it, but of being compelled to prepare for its possible out-

break. The crushing weight of modern armaments, the increasing evil of compulsory military service, the vast waste of wealth and effort involved in warlike preparation, these are blots on our civilisation of which every thinking individual must be ashamed.

For these and other similar reasons, we are confident that a great attempt must be made to establish by some international organisation an alternative to war as a means of settling international disputes. After all, war is a relic of barbarism, and just as law has succeeded violence as the means of settling disputes between individuals, so we believe that it is destined ultimately to take the place of war in the settlement of controversies between nations.

“A Just and Lasting Peace.”

If, then, we are asked what we are fighting for, we reply—as we have often replied—We are fighting for a just and a lasting peace, and we believe that before permanent peace can be hoped for three conditions must be fulfilled.

First, the sanctity of treaties must be re-established; secondly, a territorial settlement must be secured based on the right of self-determination or the consent of the governed; and, lastly, we must seek by the creation of some international organisation to limit the burden of armaments and diminish the probability of war.

On these conditions the British Empire would welcome peace, to secure these conditions its peoples are prepared to make even greater sacrifices than those they have yet endured.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

CONTAINING EXTRACTS FROM A PREVIOUS VOLUME OF SPEECHES,
"THROUGH TERROR TO TRIUMPH!"

I.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE TO "THROUGH TERROR TO TRIUMPH!"

AFTER twelve months of war my conviction is stronger than ever that this country could not have kept out of it without imperilling its security and impairing its honour. We could not have looked on cynically with folded arms whilst the country we had given our word to protect was being ravaged and trodden by one of our own co-trustees. If British women and children were being brutally destroyed on the high seas by German submarines, this nation would have insisted on calling the infanticide Empire to a stern reckoning. Everything that has happened since the declaration of war has demonstrated clearly that a military system so regardless of good faith, of honourable obligations, and of the elementary impulses of humanity, constituted a menace to civilisation of the most sinister character; and despite the terrible cost of suppressing it, the well-being of humanity demands that such a system should be challenged and destroyed. The fact that events have also shown that the might of this military clique has exceeded the gloomiest prognostications provides an additional argument for its destruction. The greater the might, the darker the menace.

Nor have the untoward incidents of the war weakened

my faith in ultimate victory—always provided that the allied nations put forth the whole of their strength ere it is too late. Anything less must lead to defeat. The allied countries have an overwhelming preponderance in the raw material that goes to the making and equipment of armies, whether in men, money, or accessible metals and machinery. But this material has to be mobilised and utilised. It would be idle to pretend that the first twelve months of the war has seen this task accomplished satisfactorily. Had the Allies realised in time the full strength of their redoubtable and resourceful foes—nay, what is more, had they realised their own strength and resources, and taken prompt action to organise them, to-day we should have witnessed the triumphant spectacle of their guns pouring out a stream of shot and shell which would have deluged the German trenches with fire and scorched the German legions back across their own frontiers.

What is the actual position? It is thoroughly well known to the Germans, and anyone in any land, belligerent or neutral, who reads intelligently the military news, must by now have a comprehension of it. With the resources of Great Britain, France, Russia—yea, of the whole industrial world—at the disposal of the Allies, it is obvious that the Central Powers have still an overwhelming superiority in all the material and equipment of war. The result of this deplorable fact is exactly what might have been foreseen. The iron heel of Germany has sunk deeper than ever into French and Belgian soil. Poland is entirely German; Lithuania is rapidly following. Russian fortresses, deemed impregnable, are falling like sand castles before the resistless tide of Teutonic invasion. When will that tide recede? When will it be stemmed? As soon as the Allies are supplied with abundance of war material.

That is why I am recalling these unpleasant facts, because I wish to stir my countrymen to put forth their strength to amend the situation. To dwell on such events is the most disagreeable task that can fall to the lot of a public man. For all that, the public man who either shirks these facts himself, or does not do his best to force others to face them until they are redressed, is guilty of high treason to the State which he has sworn to serve.

There has been a great awakening in all the Allied countries, and prodigious efforts are being put forth to equip the armies in the field. I know what we are doing: our exertions are undoubtedly immense. But can we do more either in men or material? Nothing but our best and utmost can pull us through. Are we now straining every nerve to make up for lost time? Are we getting all the men we shall want to put into the fighting line next year to enable us even to hold our own? Does every man who can help, whether by fighting or by providing material, understand clearly that ruin awaits remissness? How many people in this country fully apprehend the full significance of the Russian retreat? For over twelve months Russia has in spite of deficiencies in equipment absorbed the energies of half the German and four-fifths of the Austrian forces. Is it realised that Russia has for the time being made her contribution—and what a heroic contribution it is!—to the struggle for European freedom, and that we cannot for many months to come expect the same active help from the Russian armies that we have hitherto received? Who is to take the Russian place in the fight whilst those armies are re-equipping? Who is to bear the weight which has hitherto fallen on Russian shoulders? France cannot be expected to sustain much heavier burdens than those which she now bears with a quiet courage

that has astonished and moved the world. Italy is putting her strength into the fight. What could she do more? There is only Britain left. Is Britain prepared to fill up the great gap that will be created when Russia has retired to re-arm? Is she fully prepared to cope with all the possibilities of the next few months—in the West, without forgetting the East? Upon the answer which Government, employers, workmen, financiers, young men who can bear arms, women who can work in factories—in fact, the whole people of this great land, give to this question, will depend the liberties of Europe for many a generation.

A shrewd and sagacious observer told me the other day that in his judgment the course pursued by this country during the next three months would decide the fate of this war. If we are not allowed to equip our factories and workshops with adequate labour to supply our armies, because we must not transgress regulations applicable to normal conditions; if practices are maintained which restrict the output of essential war material; if the nation hesitates, when the need is clear, to take the necessary steps to call forth its manhood to defend honour and existence; if vital decisions are postponed until too late; if we neglect to make ready for all probable eventualities; if, in fact, we give ground for the accusation that we are slouching into disaster as if we were walking along the ordinary paths of peace without an enemy in sight; then I can see no hope: but if we sacrifice all we own and all we like for our native land; if our preparations are characterised by grip, resolution, and a prompt readiness in every sphere; then victory is assured.

II.

"THROUGH TERROR TO TRIUMPH!"

SPEECH ON THE WAR, DELIVERED AT THE QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON,
SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1914.

Why Our National Honour is Involved.

THERE is no man who has always regarded the prospect of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance and with greater repugnance than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. There is no man more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonour. I am fully alive to the fact that every nation who has ever engaged in any war has always invoked the sacred name of honour. Many a crime has been committed in its name; there are some being committed now. All the same, national honour is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed. Why is our honour as a country involved in this war? Because, in the first instance, we are bound by honourable obligations to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity, of a small neighbour who has always lived peaceably. She could not have compelled us; she was weak; but the man who declines to discharge his duty because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a black-guard. We entered into a treaty—a solemn treaty—two treaties—to defend Belgium and her integrity. Our signatures are attached to the documents. Our signatures do not stand alone there; this country was not the only country that undertook to defend the integrity of

Belgium. Russia, France, Austria, Prussia—they are all there. Why are Austria and Prussia not performing the obligations of their bond?

France and Belgium in 1870.

It is suggested that when we quote this treaty it is purely an excuse on our part—it is our low craft and cunning to cloak our jealousy of a superior civilisation that we are attempting to destroy. Our answer is the action we took in 1870. What was that? Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister. Lord Granville, I think, was then Foreign Secretary. I have never heard it laid to their charge that they were ever Jingoës. That treaty bound us then. We called upon the belligerent Powers to respect it. We called upon France, and we called upon Germany. At that time, bear in mind, the greatest danger to Belgium came from France and not from Germany. We intervened to protect Belgium against France, exactly as we are doing now to protect her against Germany. We proceeded in exactly the same way. We invited both the belligerent Powers to state that they had no intention of violating Belgian territory. What was the answer given by Bismarck? He said it was superfluous to ask Prussia such a question in view of the treaties in force. France gave a similar answer. We received at that time the thanks of the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. It is a document addressed by the municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention, and it reads:—

“The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside has just given a further proof of its benevolent sentiments towards our country. . . . The voice of the

English nation has been heard above the din of arms, and it has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of an imperishable gratitude."

That was in 1870. Mark what followed. Three or four days after that document of thanks, a French army was wedged up against the Belgian frontier, every means of escape shut out by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way of escape. What was that? Violating the neutrality of Belgium. What did they do? The French on that occasion preferred ruin and humiliation to the breaking of their bond. The French Emperor, the French marshals, a hundred thousand gallant Frenchmen in arms, preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemies, rather than dishonour the name of their country. It was the last French army in the field. Had they violated Belgian neutrality, the whole history of that war would have been changed, and yet, when it was the interest of France to break the treaty then, she did not do it.

"A Scrap of Paper."

It is the interest of Prussia to-day to break the treaty, and she has done it. She avows it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says: "Treaties only bind you when it is your interest to keep them." "What is a treaty?" says the German Chancellor. "A scrap of paper." Have you any £5 notes about you? I am not calling for them. Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? If you have, burn them; they are only scraps of paper. What are they made of? Rags. What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire. Scraps of paper! I have been dealing with

scraps of paper within the last month. One suddenly found the commerce of the world coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. Why? I will tell you. We discovered—many of us for the first time, for I do not pretend that I do not know much more about the machinery of commerce to-day than I did six weeks ago, and there are many others like me—we discovered that the machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them, wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotched, frowsy, and yet those wretched little scraps of paper move great ships laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo from one end of the world to the other. What is the motive power behind them? The honour of commercial men.

Treaties are the currency of international statesmanship. Let us be fair: German merchants, German traders, have the reputation of being as upright and straightforward as any traders in the world, but if the currency of German commerce is to be debased to the level of that of her statesmanship, no trader from Shanghai to Valparaiso will ever look at a German signature again. This doctrine of the scrap of paper, this doctrine which is proclaimed by Bernhardi, that treaties only bind a nation as long as it is to its interest, goes under the root of all public law. It is the straight road to barbarism. It is as if you were to revoke the Magnetic Pole because it was in the way of a German cruiser. The whole navigation of the seas would become dangerous, difficult and impossible; and the whole machinery of civilisation will break down if this doctrine wins in this war. We are fighting against barbarism, and there is only one way of putting it right. If there are nations that say they will only respect treaties when it is to their interest to do so, we must make it to their interest to do so for the future.

Germany's Perjury.

What is their defence? Consider the interview which took place between our Ambassador and the great German officials. When their attention was called to this treaty to which they were parties, they said: "We cannot help that. Rapidity of action is the great German asset." There is a greater asset for a nation than rapidity of action, and that is honest dealing. What are Germany's excuses? She says Belgium was plotting against her; Belgium was engaged in a great conspiracy with Britain and with France to attack her. Not merely is it not true, but Germany knows it is not true. What is her other excuse? That France meant to invade Germany through Belgium. That is absolutely untrue. France offered Belgium five army corps to defend her if she were attacked. Belgium said: "I do not require them; I have the word of the Kaiser. Shall Cæsar send a lie?" All these tales about conspiracy have been vamped up since. A great nation ought to be ashamed to behave like a fraudulent bankrupt, perjuring its way through its obligations. What she says is not true. She has deliberately broken this treaty, and we were in honour bound to stand by it.

Belgium's "Crime."

Belgium has been treated brutally. How brutally we shall not yet know. We already know too much. But what had she done? Had she sent an ultimatum to Germany? Had she challenged Germany? Was she preparing to make war on Germany? Had she inflicted any wrong upon Germany which the Kaiser was bound to redress? She was one of the most unoffending little countries in Europe. There she was—peaceable, indus-

trious, thrifty, hard-working, giving offence to no one. And her cornfields have been trampled, her villages have been burnt, her art treasures have been destroyed, her men have been slaughtered—yea, and her women and children too. Hundreds and thousands of her people, their neat, comfortable little homes burnt to the dust, are wandering homeless in their own land. What was their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian King. I do not know what the Kaiser hopes to achieve by this war. I have a shrewd idea what he will get; but one thing he has made certain, and that is that no nation will ever commit that crime again.

"The Right to Defend Its Homes."

I am not going to enter into details of outrages. War is a grim, ghastly business at best or worst, and I am not going to say that all that has been said in the way of outrages must necessarily be true. I will go beyond that, and I will say that if you turn two million men—forced, conscript, compelled, driven—into the field, you will always get amongst them a certain number who will do things that the nation to which they belong would be ashamed of. I am not depending on these tales. It is enough for me to have the story which Germans themselves avow, admit, defend and proclaim—the burning and massacring, the shooting down of harmless people. Why? Because, according to the Germans, these people fired on German soldiers. What business had German soldiers there at all? Belgium was acting in pursuance of the most sacred right, the right to defend its homes. But they were not in uniform when they fired! If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's Palace at Potsdam, destroyed his furniture, killed his servants, ruined his art treasures—especially

those he has made himself—and burned the precious manuscripts of his speeches, do you think he would wait until he got into uniform before he shot him down? The Belgians were dealing with those who had broken into their household.

But the perfidy of the Germans has already failed. They entered Belgium to save time. The time has gone. They have not gained time, but they have lost their good name.

The Case of Serbia.

But Belgium is not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation, the case of Serbia. The history of Serbia is not unblotted. Whose history, in the category of nations, is unblotted? The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Serbia. She was a nation trained in a horrible school, but she won her freedom with a tenacious valour, and she has maintained it by the same courage. If any Serbians were mixed up in the assassination of the Grand Duke, they ought to be punished. Serbia admits that. The Serbian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claims that. The Serbian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honoured men in Europe. Serbia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect?

What were the Austrian demands? Serbia sympathised with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia—that was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria; they must do so no longer. That is the German spirit; you had it in Zabern. How dare you criticise a Prussian official? And if you laugh, it is a capital offence—the

colonel in Zabern threatened to shoot if it was repeated. In the same way the Serbian newspapers must not criticise Austria. I wonder what would have happened if we had taken the same line about German newspapers! Serbia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must in future criticise neither Austria, nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs." Who can doubt the valour of Serbia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? She promised not to sympathise with Bosnia; she promised to write no critical articles about Austria; she would have no public meetings in which anything unkind was said about Austria.

"Serbia Faced the Situation with Dignity."

But that was not enough. She must dismiss from her army the officers whom Austria should subsequently name—those officers who had just emerged from a war where they had added lustre to the Serbian arms. They were gallant, brave and efficient. I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action! But, mark you, the officers were not named; Serbia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army, the names to be sent in subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country, saying, "You must dismiss from your Army—and from your Navy—all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." Well, I think I could name them now. Lord Kitchener would go. Sir John French would be sent away; General Smith-Dorrien would go, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe would have to go. And there is another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Rob-

erts. It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military Power that could have put half-a-dozen men in the field for every one of Serbia's men, and that Power was supported by the greatest military Power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way in which you face it—and Serbia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria: "If any officers of mine have been guilty, and are proved to be guilty, I will dismiss them." Austria said: "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity.

Russia's Turn.

Then came Russia's turn. Russia has a special regard for Serbia; she has a special interest in Serbia. Russians have shed their blood for Serbian independence many a time, for Serbia is a member of Russia's family, and she cannot see Serbia maltreated. Austria knew that. Germany knew it, and she turned round to Russia and said: "I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling your little brother to death." What answer did the Russian Slav give? He gave the only answer that becomes a man. He turned to Austria and said: "You lay hands on that little fellow, and I will tear your ramshackle Empire limb from limb." And he will do it!

The Little Nations.

That is the story of two little nations. The world owes much to little nations—and to little men! This theory of bigness, this theory that you must have a *big* Empire, and a *big* nation, and a *big* man—well, long legs

have their advantage in a retreat. Frederick the First chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations, and will only allow six-foot-two nations to stand in the ranks. But ah! the world owes much to the little five-foot-five nations. The greatest art in the world was the work of little nations; the most enduring literature of the world came from little nations; the greatest literature of England came when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great Empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages.

"The Test of Our Faith."

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a lower civilisation upon a higher one. As a matter of fact, the attack was begun by the civilisation which calls itself the higher one. I am no apologist for Russia: she has perpetrated deeds of which I have no doubt her best sons are ashamed. What Empire has not? But Germany is the last Empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. Russia has made sacrifices for freedom—great sacrifices. Do you remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen? Who listened to that cry? The only answer of the higher civilisation was that the liberty

of the Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier. But the rude barbarians of the North sent their sons by the thousand to die for Bulgarian freedom. What about England? Go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, France—in all those lands I could point out places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of those peoples. France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which modern Prussia has ever sacrificed a single life? By the test of our faith, the highest standard of civilisation is the readiness to sacrifice for others.

German "Civilisation."

I will not say a single word in disparagement of the German people. They are a great people, and have great qualities of head and hand and heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, that there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world; but he has been drilled into a false idea of civilisation. It is efficient, it is capable; but it is a hard civilisation; it is a selfish civilisation; it is a material civilisation. They cannot comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment; they say so. They say, "France we can understand; she is out for vengeance; she is out for territory—Alsace and Lorraine." They say they can understand Russia; she is fighting for mastery—she wants Galicia. They can understand you fighting for mastery—they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; but they cannot understand a great Empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence, to protect a little nation that seeks to defend

herself. God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit; German civilisation would re-create him in the image of a Diesel machine—precise, accurate, powerful, but with no room for soul to operate.

Philosophy of Blood and Iron.

Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy I advise you to buy one; they will soon be out of print, and you will not have many more of the same sort. They are full of the glitter and bluster of German militarism—"mailed fist," and "shining armour." Poor old mailed fist! Its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour! The shine is being knocked out of it. There is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. The extract which was given in the *British Weekly* this week is a very remarkable product as an illustration of the spirit we have to fight. It is the Kaiser's speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:—

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, the German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His sword, His weapon, and His vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers."

Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous; and when you get it manifested in the head of the State, and it has become the policy of a great Empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. I do not believe he meant all those speeches; it was simply the martial straddle he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of them. This was their religion. Treaties? They

tangle the feet of Germany in her advance. Cut them with the sword! Little nations? They hinder the advance of Germany. Trample them in the mire under the German heel! The Russian Slav? He challenges the supremacy of Germany and Europe. Hurl your legions at him and massacre him! Britain? She is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world. Wrest the trident out of her hand! Christianity? Sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others! Poor pap for German digestion! We will have a new diet. We will force it upon the world. It will be made in Germany—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone. The honour of nations has gone. Liberty has gone. What is left? Germany! Germany is left!—"Deutschland über Alles!"

That is what we are fighting—that claim to predominancy of a material, hard civilisation, a civilisation which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes. And unless Britain and her sons come to the rescue it will be a dark day for humanity.

"The Road-Hog of Europe."

We are not fighting the German people. The German people are under the heel of this military caste, and it will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant, artisan, and trader when the military caste is broken. You know its pretensions. They give themselves the airs of demigods. They walk the pavements, and civilians and their wives are swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of a great Prussian soldier. Men, women, nations—they all have to go. He thinks all he has to say is "We are in a hurry." That is the answer he gave to Belgium—"Rapidity of action is Germany's greatest asset," which means "I am in a

hurry; clear out of my way." You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads, with a 60 horse-power car, who thinks the roads are made for him, and knocks down anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile an hour. The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way are hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken. Women and children are crushed under the wheels of his cruel car, and Britain is ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: if the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that has befallen democracy since the day of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy.

"Through Terror to Triumph."

They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job; it will be a terrible war; but in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities—every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in counsel, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory; in all things faith!

It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent and degenerate people. They proclaim to the world through their professors that we are a non-heroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we egg on more gallant races to their destruction. This is the description given of us in Germany—"a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its Fleet." I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already—and there are half a million young men of Britain who have already registered a vow to their King that they will cross the seas and hurl that

insult to British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and Germany. We want half a million more; and we shall get them.

"A Welsh Army in the Field."

Wales must continue doing her duty. I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see the race that faced the Norman for hundreds of years in a struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe; and they are going to do it.

The Sacrifice.

I envy you young people your opportunity. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I am sorry to say I have marched a good many years even beyond that. It is a great opportunity, an opportunity that only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab and weariness of spirit. It comes to you to-day, and it comes to-day to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives; they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength.

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✓ But their reward is at hand; those who have fallen have
× died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in
× the making of a new Europe—a new world. I can see
× signs of its coming in the glare of the battlefield.

The "New Patriotism."

× The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands
× than they comprehend at the present moment. It is true
× they will be free of the greatest menace to their free-
× dom. That is not all. There is something infinitely
× greater and more enduring which is emerging already
× out of this great conflict—a new patriotism, richer,
× nobler, and more exalted than the old. I see amongst
× all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfish-
× ness, a new recognition that the honour of the country
× does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory
× in the stricken field, but also in protecting its homes
× from distress. It is bringing a new outlook for all
× classes. The great flood of luxury and sloth which had
× submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is
× appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamen-
× tal things that matter in life, and that have been ob-
× scured from our vision by the tropical growth of pros-
× perity.

"The Vision."

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea. It is a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. But it is very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated

and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops, and by the spectacle of their grandeur. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those mighty peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

III.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF OUR CAUSE.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE CITY TEMPLE,
NOVEMBER 10TH, 1914.

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Britain Not Responsible for the War.

WHEN this war broke out, we were on better terms with Germany than we had been for fifteen years. There was not a man in the Cabinet who thought that war with Germany was a possibility under present conditions. Our relations had improved. There was not a diplomatic cloud over the German Ocean. We harboured no designs against Germany: we meditated no quarrel with Germany: as the Lord liveth, we had engaged in no conspiracy against Germany. We were not envying her her territories; we sought not a yard of her colonies. We are in this war from motives of purest chivalry to defend the weak.

France and Russia Not Responsible

Britain is not responsible for this war, and thank God for that. Who is responsible? Not France. There had been a General Election in France just a few months before this war broke out, and the pacifist party gained one of the most conspicuous triumphs ever achieved in any country against the most powerful political combination that had ever federated against it.

The Government of France was essentially a pacifist Government. The French people abhorred the idea of war, and the Government shared to the full that abhorrence. Not France! Not Russia! Why, it is an essential part of the German case that Russia would not be ready for war for three years. That is their boast. That is why they attacked her. Then Russia could not have provoked war.

You can read, and read again, the despatches of our Ambassador at Vienna. The quarrel was ostensibly between Austria and Russia. Sir Edward Grey laboured anxiously for peace; no man could have worked harder than he did for peace; and if there is blood shed, there is not a stain upon Sir Edward Grey. He suggested a European Conference to discuss these matters. Germany said: "Do you not think it would be better for Austria and Russia to talk the matter over amongst themselves? We are only suggesting the best way of settling the dispute." Sir Edward Grey said: "Yes; that seems a very sensible idea." Russia and Austria met. They were actually discussing matters amongst themselves, and getting on admirably—so admirably that Germany got alarmed, declared war on Russia, and although the dispute was ostensibly between Russia and Austria, it was only five days *afterwards* that you had war between Russia and Austria, and that was because Germany had already started.

The Origin of the War.

Not Russia! Belgium? Or Serbia? Does the poor victim of a bird of prey really commence the hostilities?

Now, looking back, you can see what happened. You can see Austria hovering like a hawk over the Balkan fields, and, if you are country bred, you know what that

means. You know it will not be long before it swoops down and some poor helpless creature will be quivering in its talons. The vulture has been hanging over Belgium for some time. We know that now. It has made a mistake. It soared so high that even the most discerning falcon might have made a mistake. It thought it was pouncing on a rabbit, and it fell on a hedgehog, and has been bleeding and sore ever since. We know now what it would have been malevolent to suspect before, that the counsellors of Germany, while professing peace and pretending good will, in cold blood, with malice aforethought, had intended, planned, organized, wholesale murder of peaceable neighbours, and had even arranged the date to suit themselves, a date when they thought their neighbours would be caught unprepared to defend their lives and their homes. If this wanton deed of premeditated treachery against humanity is to pass unchallenged by the nations of the world, then let us admit that civilisation is a failure, that the sceptre of right is broken, and that force—brute force—is once more enthroned amongst the nations.

Our Part in the War to be Justified.

It may be said it is not enough to prove that Germany is in the wrong. We have to justify Great Britain in embarking on a gigantic war which will tax to the utmost her resources of material, money, men, and leave her impoverished at the end of the struggle.

We all knew the consequences would be tremendous. For the moment the consequences are incalculable; so much so that we had no right to go into this war without the most overwhelming reasons. The sacrifice of human life is appalling. The suffering it is impossible to estimate. The waste is so prodigious that, viewing it even

as I do from day to day, and have done for over three months, it has not ceased to shock. The wealth harvested by years of peace and hard and anxious toil is thrown into the flames of war, to intensify their consuming fury. If anyone says we ought not to have entered into this war without the most overpowering reasons, I am entirely with him.

The Doctrine of Extreme Pacifists.

There are men who maintain that war is not justifiable under any conditions. There are men who maintain that even if your house is attacked, if your country is invaded and threatened with oppression, if you had a second William the Conqueror landing in this island, destroying the Constitution, imposing his own language, his own laws, and his own rule upon this country, ravaging and destroying as he has done in Belgium—there are men who carry their doctrine so far as to say that, even under those conditions, you ought not to use a deadly weapon to defend yourself or your homes or your country. I have great respect for them; but I am afraid that I shall never be able to attain in this world to that altitude of idealism.

But may I just say one or two words about that?

It was not the creed of the Puritan Fathers. I maintain it is not the principle of the Christian Faith. That deprecates revenge. It deprecates retaliation. But I never heard a saying of the Master's which would condemn men for striking a blow for right, justice, or the protection of the weak.

"To Precipitate Ideals is to Retard Their Advent."

And may I also say that to carry those principles too far is just the way to destroy the possibility of their

ever becoming realised? To precipitate ideals is to retard their advent.

We are all looking forward to the time when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, and nation shall not rise up against nation, and there shall be no more war. But as long as there are nations and empires that beat ploughshares into swords and pruning hooks into spears in order to prey upon nations of ploughers and pruners living alongside them, to disarm would be to delay the period that we are all praying for.

The surest method of establishing the reign of peace on earth is by making the way of the transgressor of the peace of nations too hard for the rulers of men to tread.

Defending a Neighbour From a Bully.

Most men—every real man—would defend his own home, his own life and liberty, and the life, liberty, and the honour of those who have been committed to his care. Yes; but supposing that man saw a poor little neighbour, a neighbour he had sworn to protect, and whose home was broken into by a hulking bully, who robbed him of his goods, attacked him, his wife and his children, burnt, murdered, and maimed—I ask you what manner of man would he be who looked on calmly without rushing in to help him with any weapon at his hand? It would be a piece of heartless poltroonery. Britain has never been guilty of that.

Germany's Demand on Belgium.

Why was Belgium so maltreated? What is her offence? She had refused to allow Germany to march through her territories to attack a good neighbour of

Belgium's. France and Belgium were very good neighbours. They are kinsmen in race and religion, and to a large extent in language; and France was fully shielded and protected on every frontier except that which faced Belgium. Germany's demand was a demand put forward in defiance of a treaty obligation with Belgium, to give facilities to Germany to drive a dagger into the heart of her good neighbour France through her unprotected side. A meaner, shabbier, more cowardly request was never addressed to anyone.

Belgium was to be nominally neutral. But Belgian roads, Belgian rivers and railways, were to take sides; and in modern warfare railways are more formidable weapons than rifles. That was the demand. It is as if a man came to you and said: "I want to kill your next-door neighbour, but it is very difficult to get in at his front door, and his back door is barred and bolted, or rather the back door is bolted, and there is a very formidable policeman patrolling the front door. It would take us too long to beat down those bars and bolts, and we want to get at him before he is ready to defend himself. I have been making ready to attack; he has not been making ready to defend; I want to take advantage of that, and you must help me. It is a small request. Surely you will see it is reasonable! All I want is that you should allow me to get at him through your garden. I will see all the damage is repaired. I will restore the garden to you exactly as I found it. I will compensate you for any injury done to the flower beds, and if any of your children happen to be killed or injured in the scuffle, well, I will pay you a handsome compensation for that."

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The Agony of Belgium.

Belgium has refused to bring that dishonour on her national reputation. She has preferred to face the prospect of national annihilation; and every decent man and woman throughout the civilised world will applaud the nobility of her action. We know what she is enduring at this present moment. It is too pitiful a story to relate. We are witnessing the agony of a brave little people suffering for the right. Their cities and their villages are destroyed, their population scattered.

A Belgian statesman told me that there were three times as many old people, women, and children destroyed in Belgium as there were soldiers fallen in her gallant army. They have paid ransom to Germany. They have given their goods to Germany; but that has not saved them.

You will remember when Alaric the Goth went to Rome, and when he was about to take it, a deputation of the besieged citizens visited him. He put his demands very high, and they said to him, "If such, O King, are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" The haughty barbarian replied, "Your lives." He was a better man than his cultured successor. Three times as many helpless people slaughtered by this great cultured empire! They have robbed them of their food to maintain their armies. They are now sending begging to America, saying, "You feed them." It was not America that devastated their lands!

There are multitudes dying of hunger there, under the banner of this great proud empire. I wish this were all. I cannot repeat all the authenticated stories that are told of German rule in Belgium. I wish they were not true for the honour of civilisation, for the honour of humanity.

The Judgment of Cromwell.

Cromwell once said: "There is some contentment in the hand by which a man falls. It is some satisfaction, if a Commonwealth must fall, that it perish by men, and not by the hand of persons differing little from beasts." That is Cromwell's judgment on the devastation of Belgium, and on this savagery perpetrated on a harmless little country by its big neighbour, who had solemnly passed her word to protect it. There must be a revised version of one passage of the Scriptures in Belgium. It must be revised for Belgian use and read: "Who is thy neighbour? Thy neighbour is he who falls on thee like a thief, strips thee and wounds thee, and leaves thee half dead." That is Germany's version of duty to a neighbour. If Britain, after passing her word, had left that little country bleeding on the roadside, without attempting to rescue her, the infamy of Germany would have been shared by the British Empire.

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. . . . "After That the Judgment."

I hope that within the next few days there will be a call for another large contingent of men. I should like to see each county called upon for its quota—that every town, every city, and every area should know what is expected of it. All our rights and our liberties have been won by men who counted their lives as nothing so long as their country and their faith were free. In the days when we were winning the battles of religious freedom in this country, there were shirkers, but their cowardice did not save them from the tomb. It is appointed that men should die once, and after that the judgment. Brave men die, but they need not fear the judgment.

I think we are too ready to scoff at creeds which promise the glories of their paradise to those who die for the cause or for the country they are devoted to. It is but a crude expression of a truth which is the foundation of every great faith, that sacrifice is ever the surest road to redemption.

It is appointed that cowards shall die, but after that the judgment. They fall into the unhonoured grave of the men who have never given up anything which is precious to them, to their country, their religion or their kind. After that the judgment!

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Justice the Greatest Asset.

The fundamental error of the German calculations is becoming more and more manifest every day. They are beginning to realise that justice is the greatest of all military assets. The wrongful invasion of Belgium—they admitted it was wrong—the trampling on the rights of a small nationality, has become a military weakness to them. That is manifest now, and it is becoming more manifest day by day.

In a long struggle it is the heart that tells, and injustice weakens the heart of nations. They cannot endure; and this country has demonstrated—and the war will be waged in vain if it does not demonstrate it even more clearly—that the justice of a nation's cause is in itself a military equipment of the first magnitude and importance.

Sometimes when I read the reports I feel perplexed and baffled. I see accounts of advances here and retirements there—of victories in this spot and mishaps in another. But through it all, I think I can see the

hand of justice gradually, slowly, but certainly grasping the victory.

“Watchman, what of the night?” It is dark, and the cries of rage and anguish rend the air, but the golden morrow is at hand, when the valiant youth of Britain will return from the stricken fields of Europe, where their heroism has proclaimed to the world that justice is the best sustenance for valour, and that their valour has won a lasting triumph for justice.

IV.

A HOLY WAR.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT BANGOR, FEBRUARY
28TH, 1915.

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If Germany Were to Win.

WHAT does it mean were Germany to win? It means world-power for the worst elements in Germany, not for Germany. The Germans are an intelligent race, they are undoubtedly a cultivated race, they are a race of men who have been responsible for great ideas in this world. But this would mean the dominance of the worst elements amongst them. If you think I am exaggerating, just read for the moment extracts from the articles in the newspapers which are in the ascendancy now in Germany about the settlement which they expect after this war. I am sorry to say I am stating nothing but the bare brutal truth. I do not say that the Kaiser will sit on the Throne of England if he should win. I do not say that he will impose his laws and his language on this country as did William the Conqueror. I do not say that you will hear the noisy tramp of the goose step in the cities of the Empire. I do not say that Death's Head Hussars will be patrolling our highways. I do not say that a visitor, let us say, to Aberdaron will have to ask a Pomeranian policeman the best way to Hell's Mouth. That is not what I mean. What I mean

is that if Germany were triumphant in this war she would practically be the dictator of the international policy of the world. Her spirit would be in the ascendant. Her doctrines would be in the ascendant; by the sheer power of her will she would bend the minds of men in her own fashion. Germanism in its later and worst form would be the inspiriting thought and philosophy of the hour.

France after 1870.

Do you remember what happened to France after 1870? The German armies left France, but all the same for years after that, and while France was building up her army, she stood in cowering terror of this monster. Even after her great army was built France was oppressed with a constant anxiety as to what might happen. Germany dismissed her ministers. Had it not been for the intervention of Queen Victoria in 1874, the French army would never have been allowed to be reconstructed, and France would simply have been the humble slave of Germany to this hour. What a condition for a country! And now France is fighting, not so much to recover her lost provinces; she is fighting to recover her self-respect and her national independence; she is fighting to shake off this nightmare that has been on her soul for over a generation—a France with Germany constantly meddling, bullying, and interfering. And that is what would happen if Russia were trampled upon, France broken, Britain disarmed. We should be left without any means to defend ourselves. We might have a navy that would enable us, perhaps, to resent an insult from Nicaragua, we might have just enough troops, perhaps, to confront the Mad Mullah—I mean the African specimen.

Where would the chivalrous country be to step in to

protect us as we protected France in 1874? America? If countries like Russia and France, with their huge armies, and the most powerful navy in the world could not face this terrible military machine, how can America step in? It would be more than America could do to defend her own interests on her own continent if Germany is triumphant. Ah! but what manner of Germany would we be subordinate to? There has been a struggle going on in Germany for over thirty years between its best and its worst elements. It is like that great struggle which is depicted in one of Wagner's great operas between the good and the evil spirit for the possession of the man's soul. That great struggle has been going on in Germany for thirty or forty years. At each successive General Election the better elements seemed to be getting the upper hand, and I do not mind saying I was one of those who believed they were going to win. I thought they were going to snatch the soul of Germany: it is worth saving; it is a great, powerful soul, and I thought they were going to save it. Then a dead military caste said, "We will have none of this," and they plunged Europe into seas of blood. Hope was again shattered.

"Harnessed to the Chariot of Destruction."

Those worst elements will emerge triumphant out of this war if Germany wins. We shall be vassals, not to the best Germany, not to the Germany of sweet songs and inspiring, noble thought—not to the Germany of science consecrated to the service of man, not to the Germany of a virile philosophy that helped to break the shackles of superstition in Europe—not to that Germany, but to a Germany that talked through the raucous voice of Krupp's artillery, a Germany that has

harnessed science to the chariot of destruction and of death, the Germany of a philosophy of force, violence, and brutality, a Germany that would quench every spark of freedom either in its own land or any other in rivers of blood. I make no apology on a day consecrated to the greatest sacrifice for coming here to preach a holy war against that.

War is a time of sacrifice and of service. Some can render one service, some another, some here and some there. Some can render great assistance, others but little. There is not one who cannot help in some measure, even if it be only by enduring cheerfully his share of the discomfort.

In the old Welsh legends there is a story of a man who was given a series of what appeared to be impossible tasks to perform ere he could reach the desires of his heart. Amongst other things he had to do was to recover every grain of seed that had been sown in a large field and bring it all in without one missing by sunset. He came to an anthill and won all the hearts and enlisted the sympathies of the industrious little people. They spread over the field, and before sundown the seed was all in except one grain, and as the sun was setting over the western skies a lame ant hobbled along with that grain also. Some of us have youth and vigour and suppleness of limb; some of us are crippled with years or infirmities, and we are at best but lame ants. But we can all limp along with some share of our country's burden, and thus help her in this terrible hour to win the desire of her heart.

V.

"FIGHT ON!"

SPEECH DELIVERED AT BANGOR, AT THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL
NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, AUGUST 5TH, 1915.

No Eisteddfod was ever before held under such a cloud. It is indeed a terrible time. I am frankly glad that you are holding the Eisteddfod this year. I did not relish the idea of the Welsh Muse being placed in an internment camp with barbed wire to keep her from getting out till the end of the war. She is not an alien enemy, but a native of the hills. She is not a German spy, but a bonny lass from the Welsh glens, and I am delighted that you have set her free once more. I have come here from the work of war in order to hear the harp of the bards above the shriek of shells.

"Is It Peace?"

I observe that you have omitted to ask the old-established question, "Is it peace?" Everywhere sounds of war trumpets rend the air. From sea to sea the land of Britain trembles with the myriads preparing for war. East and West and North and South, you hear the ring of the hammers and the whistle of the steel lathes fashioning weapons of war. On quiet nights from my cottage in Surrey I can hear the sound of the cannon fired in anger on the ruddied fields of death in France. I know with horror the work that is going on, and as I

hear the old prayer of the Gorsedd comes to my lips, "O Iesu, nad ganwith"—"O Jesu, prevent wrong!"

"Is it peace?" No! Why not? Because an unclean spirit has possessed the rulers of a great nation. Now and again in the history of the world its peoples have had to fight in order to win—sometimes in order to retain those elementary rights which lift men above beasts of the field—Justice, Liberty, Righteousness. If Right is worsted in this conflict, civilisation will be put back for generations. If Right triumphs, mankind takes a long leap onward on the road to progress. This is one of those periods.

"When Justice is Menaced."

I am proud to know Wales has flung its whole strength into the struggle for humanity. We have a great army already in the battlefield. We have a still greater army ready and eager to support their comrades in the field. There was a time when it seemed as if the military spirit of Wales had vanished into the mists of the past. Some of us thought that the religious revivals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had broken the fighting spirit of our race. No real religion has ever yet broken a nation's spirit. It disciplines its strength, it elevates its purpose. Such a nation does not dissipate its power in envious anger and rage against its neighbours, but when justice is menaced that nation becomes more formidable than ever.

"Welsh Martial Spirit Not Dead."

There was a time in the last 200 years when we could hardly summon the material for three regiments to the flag. To-day you have 100,000 men who have rallied

to the flag from the hills and valleys of their native land. We have a greater army from Wales alone than Wellington commanded at Waterloo, and they are just as good men every one of them. And they have not ceased coming yet. More and more men are still gathering in the camping ground. As they learn in the remotest hovels that liberty is in danger, they come along to defend her against the violence of the oppressor. Our Welsh martial spirit was not dead—it was not even slumbering—it was simply hiding in its caves among the hills until the call came from above. War after war swept past it without rousing its old energies. At last it has come forth fully armed for battle and mightier than ever.

Wales and a New Charter of Liberty.

Welsh courage has manifested itself in this war as never before in the history of Wales. When Magna Charta was wrested from a tyrannical king, there was a Welsh contingent among the forces that achieved that victory for English freedom, and there are Welsh names among the signatories of the potent document. When the charter of European liberty is drawn up after this war—the charter that will settle the fate of mankind on many continents for ages to come—it will be a source of pride to us that our little country contributed such a large and efficient contingent to the army that established a new charter for human liberty.

The Unshackling of Russia.

I have no doubt that, however long victory may tarry, it will ultimately come. We may have to wait for the dawn. The eastern sky is dark and lowering; the stars

have been clouded over. I regard that stormy horizon with anxiety, but with no dread. To-day I can see the colour of a new hope beginning to empurple the sky. The enemy in their victorious march know not what they are doing. Let them beware, for they are unshackling Russia. With their monster artillery they are shattering the rusty bars that fettered the strength of the people of Russia. You can see them shaking their powerful limbs free from the stifling *débris*, and preparing for the conflict with a new spirit. I repeat, the enemy know not what they are achieving for their apparent victim. Austria and Prussia are doing for Russia to-day what their military ancestors effected just as unwittingly for France. They are hammering a sword that will destroy them, and are freeing a great nation to wield it with a more potent stroke and a mightier sweep than it ever yet commanded.

"Fight On!"

For us, we must fight on or for ever sink as a people into impotent obscurity. Britain has another task. It is becoming clearer and our own share of it is becoming greater as the months roll past. It is to see that the suffering and the loss shall not be in vain. The fields of Europe are being rent by the ploughshares of war. The verdure of the old civilisation is vanishing in the desolating upheaval of the conflict. Let us see to it that wheat and not tares are sown in the bleeding soil, and "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

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